SYR BEVIS OF Hampton.

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THE HISTORIE OF
Beuis of Hampton.

LIsten Lordings and hold you still, of doubtie men tell you I will,
That haue bin in many a stour, & held vp England in great honour.
That before this time hath bene, by a knight it is that I meane,
Sir Beuis of Hampton that knight hight, that neuer was proued coward.
And his father that hight sir Guy, a valiant knight and full hardy, (in fight
And how sir Guy betrayed was, through his wife it came to passe.
That time was Guy of great renown, Earle he was of South-hampton,
In Christendome farre and nere, for doubtines was not his pere:
None was so hardy nor so strong, he loued the right and not the wrong.
In euery land he rode and pride, for to win him praise and mede.
In France, in Flanders, & in Almaine, in Brabant, in Cicilie, & in Britaine,
In Denmarke, Gallice, and in Galcoyne, in Hungarie, Calabre & Burgon,
In Pole, in Normandy, and Maine, in Turky, Mambrant, and in Spaine,
In Eastland, Norway, and in Picardie, in Scotland, Wales, & in Lumbardy.
In Christendome & in heathenes, well was knowen sir Guyes worthines.
In all the lands of Christentie, was none found better then he.
While he was yong and loylife, sir Guy would wed no wife,
But when that he was olde, and waxed feble, weake and colde,
Then tooke he his leaue of Chiualrie, and dwelt in England certainly.
In that time King Edgar anone, sent vnto sir Guy full sone,
For sir Guy was true and wise, and knowne for a knight of great prise.
He made him high Steward of his land, and what he said it did stand,
He kept well England in his dayes, and made peace and stabled lawes,
So that no man was so hardy, to do another villany.
Vpon a day bethought sir Guy, that he would wed some faire Lady,
To haue betweene them a childe faire, that of his land might be heire.
The King of Scotland in that tide, had a daughter of much pride,
The Emperours brother of Almaine, loued that Lady as men saine.
And so did sir Guy, he would her haue, and of her father he did her craue.

The King of Scotland shortly, gaue his daughter vnto sir Guy,
Against the will of his daughter bright, she had leuer had the other knight,
For he was yong and bolde, but sir Guy was now waxen olde.
Alas that euer he her chose, his owne life thereby to loose.
Sir Guy wedded that Ladye free, and brought her home to his countrée,
So long to bed he her led, that a man child togeather they had.
Beuis they called that child bold, he was fiftéene yeares old,
When that his father he was slaine, by sir Murdure of Almaine.
The Lady bethought her on a day, vnto her selfe thus did she say,
My Lord is olde and may not waxth, all the day he bides in the Church,
What for byalling and what for age, he louth not with me to rage,
But had I fallen a young knight, that had not bene bowde in fight,
He would serue me both day and night, & make me all the mirth he might.
Trowe I that I do this or whyle, I shall let slay him by some guile.
After a messenger the Lady did send, that before her came her friend,
She saide vpon that on my message, thy selfe shalte vs without any page,
And if thou wilte thy counsaile, I will quite well thy trauaile.
Madame he said hold you still, for I will doe after your will.
The Lady was then glad and faine, God thou thy said to Almaine,
And greete well from me sir Murdure, brother to the Emperour.
And bid him in the first day of the merry month of May,
That here in this Forrest he be, well armed with his meinie,
Bid him that it be not spared, but that my Lord be there beheaded,
And send it me for a present my Lord shall naked to him be sent.
If he me loue that shall I see, goe forth and greete him thus from me.
The messenger to the water yode, the Winde was all for speede.
Into Almaine he was brought, to the court he went, he sought it nought,
And alied sadne of one another, till he came to the Emperours brother,
To him he tolde his message tho, in pleasaunt bet wene them two,
Hayle truely may you well be, how that Lady louth me,
Gladder I am though I it say, then any tongue tell may,
All her will I meane to doe, greete her well and say to her so,
Haue here a stede for thy trauaile, with treasure charged for thy auaile,
And if it stand in maine and might, I my selfe will make the a knight.
The messenger thanked him then, and to England he is gone again.
To Hampton he came all in feare, of his enemies that were there,
And said my Lady God thee see, well Murdote greeteth thee,
Glad he is of thy message, full well he hath quit my voyage.

And certainely he parst with great hast in your forrest
Thy Lordes allwyle with mains & might, that loue to win Lady bright.
When the messenger had all said, the Lady held her wall apaid.
In the first day of May, the Lady fained her sick and lay.
Shee made away her Lord to call, and said an euill dis her befall.
The Earle for her had sorrow & thought, & asked her if she would ought.
Sir she said might I it get, of a wilde Boze I faine would eate.
Dame he said and loue mine, where should I finde the wilde swine.
That wish I euer glad ther-of: sir in your forrest liueth hee.
Dame he said, make good solace, for in the Forrest I will goe chase.

And she said with teares then, blessed be thou of all men.
The Squire a courtier can discribe, his sword he hanged by his side.
There might no man with him ride, he was the foremost man therein,
Alas that he had beene aloane, of his enemies that were there.
But when he came to the forrest, and was in chase after the beast,
Him thought he heard Sir Murdure, cry aloud Sir Guy, thou traytor,
And pricked out before his boast, with prauncing pride and great boast,
And to Sir Guy thus did he say, yeld thee traytor, for by my fay
Thou and thy sonne both dead shall be, for the love of thy Lady free,
For I her loved or thou her knewe, yet thou her hast, and shalt it rewe.
Sir Guy answered with reason, and said alas here is treason,
Yet will I to God me mend, here in my right my selfe defend.
Either then did other defie, then spurred his horse good Sir Guy,
And smote Sir Murdure with a speare, out of the saddle he did him beare.
Traitor he saw, yea and coward both, wherefore thou though I be olde,
That I should of thee be harmed both that Sir Guy his sword untwyfted
And would have slain that false Knight, had not succour come full right.
Sir Murdures men pied them to, against Sir Guy they came full tyte,
Sothly Sir Guy defend him can, full manly he slew with his hands than,
Had he been well armed (wis) all the mastery had been his.
But then Sir Murdure was horsed again, Sir Guyes horse they had slaine.
When his horse was slaine, that stound Sir Guy was felled to the ground,
For had his horse lived that tide, he had never abated all their pride.
When Sir Guy was on foote without helpe, all they gan about him prattle.
You never heard of an olde man erst, that fought so long as he did there.
But then kneeled Guy to Sir Murdure, and said mercy and succour.
Now Murdure for thy gentry, thus to wardly let me not here die,
But lend me horse, armour, and shield, and let me die here in the field.
And if with me thou wilt doe so, I shall forgive it thou me sloe.
Then cryed they all in this tide, slay him that he never ride.
With that Sir Murdure to him yead, and full soone smote off his head.
To a Knight he gave his head, goe he said now he is dead
To the Countesse that is so bright, & say I will come to her this night.
The knight unto the Lady went, and said Madame here is a present,
My Lord thee sent it, Sir Murdure, this night he will come to thy boure,
This gift the said is like to me, and thanke Sir Murdure of his gentry,
And say I am all at his will, early and late, loud and still.
The messenger went his way, and told his Lord what she did say.

How

How Beuis kept sheepe vpon the Downes, and how that he left the sheepe, and went to his Fathers house, and how he slew the Porter, with other things that he did there.

NOw wol we of yong Beuis tell, how he liue and what him befell.
Alas he said all for fame, that I had with my father slaine,

To haue holpe him if that it had come, against that false theefe sir Murdine,
To his mother he ran and sayd, why hast thou my father betrayd?
I will be auenged and be thy bane, alas that euer thou wert woman,
And all whoses for thy sake, to the diuell of hell I them betake:
But an oath mother I doe sweare, if euer I may armes beare,
I will be auenged with might & maine, on him that hath my father slaine.
His mother his words vnderstood, and gaue him a bullet on the hood,
To ground he fell that was harme, his Uncle toke him vp by the arme,
Men call his vncle sir Sabere, the childe was to him full deare,
For Sabere was sir Guyes brother, in England was not such another.
Home with the child Sabere went, the Lady soone after him sent,
Sabere the child for well in woe, my sonne Beuis se that thou flee,
For I shall neuer glad be, that day that I doe him se.
Sir Sabere was not well apayde, yet granted as the Lady sayd.
Home he with his friends drew, and tarried a while a day he slew,
Beuis clothes that were so gaie, he sprinkled with the pigs blood.
Sir Sabere then all for pryde, clothed the childe in a poore weede,
And said, Beuis thou must keepe, vpon the Downes my flocks of sheepe,
Till the sparrow be brought to ground, then will I say to Wales wend,
There to get Earle honour to win, and thou there dwell and with him bee.
When thou art big & armes can beare, & hast strength harnes to weare,
Then may'st thou claime thy heritage, & auenge thy father being of age,
Then I will helpe thee for to get, with mine all swords to win thy right:
Therefore my sheepe in thou fetch alone, let no man know thou art mine.
Forth went Beuis with sheepes sheepe, vnto the field, and for gan weepe.
When Beuis was left from the towne, he looked vp to Southhamptown,
And as he looked toward the tower, trumpets he heard and tabour,
Harping there with a merie tune, in that place that should haue been his.
Lord he said, that art euerlasting, wast not I an Earles son of honor?
I will no longer bide on this downe, home I will to Southhamptown,
And will now see presently, what Murdure doth with that Lady.
He ran fast on his gate, till he came to the Castle gate:
Porter he said saue thine life, for into the hall on message I will.
Fye ribauld, said the Porter tho, whose son harlet art thou hence goe,
There is no man but he were mad, on message would send such a Lad.
Whose sonne, said Beuis, if I be one, yet harlet was I neuer none,
Thou shalt neuer a stronger proffer, haue this for thy seruice:
Such a stroke he him graft, that his braines clang to the raftr.

Beuis into the hall went, with ragged cloathes and sleeues rent.
All about he gan behold, and to Murdure spake words bold:
False theefe what deest thou here, why hast thou slaine my father deere,
My mother it is that he hath tane, wend forth in the diuels name,
And if thou dwell against my leane, I trust in God I shall the greeue.
Then said Murdure at that word, that he sounded at the bord.
Another stroke he stroke sadly, with that the Lady began to cry,
Then Beuis would no longer abide, for Knights rose on euery side,
For young Beuis woe there was, they toke him not but let him passe.

Beuis went home I you hete, he met his master amid the strete.
What now Beuis, said Sabere? for Gods sake what doest thou here?
Beaten I haue my stepfather, and slaine I haue his porter.
Then said Sabere thou art to blame, by this I get both harme and shame,
But betide what may betide, once againe I will thee hide.
Sabere him to chamber led, of the Countesse he was adread,
The Countesse would neuer him, till she came to sir Saberes Inne.
Sabere she said where is become, that uncouth lad that strong fellon?
Dame he said he is dead, at your Counsaile and at your reade,
Loe his clothes are all blood, thou lyest said she as thou wert wood,
But thou that lad take, thou shalt suffer for his sake.
Beuis heard that she him threat, to her he leapt with heart great,
And said to her, Dame, doe thy master for me no shame.
The Lady said thou art bold, now to me thy life is sold.
Sabere and another Knight, she called to her anone right,
Him to them betake she, and bad them cast him into the sea,
And cast the hap amids the streame, sir Sabere though thou be his eame,
But thou drowne this glutton, thou shalt abide for that treason.
Gladly my Lady certes said he, the childe he led into the sea,
They would not drown him for aught, but another thing they bethought.

How Beuis was sould vnto the Panims and carried ouer the sea into Armony, and was presented vnto King Ermine.

They

They found ships both more and lesse, of Panims and of Heathenesse,
They sold the child with much thought. and to the Panims *Beuis* they
Beuis heart waxed cold, when to the Panims he was sold. (raught.
But yet him list not to rage, ouer they made good voyage.
Their sayle they drew. the wind was good, they sayled forth as they wers
Till they came the Riuer nie, that leads to the Land of Armonie. (wod,
The King Ermine of that Land, his Wife was dead I vnderstand,
He had a daughter faire and bright, Iosian that faire Maiden hight,
Her visage was white as Lilly flower, therein ran the red colour, 136
With bright browes and eyes cleine, her haire as Gold-wyre was scene,

With comely noſe and lips full ſwete, louely mouth and fine fet,
With teth white and euen ſet, her hands were white as violet,
With ſtrait body without en lacke, well ſhapen both of belly and backe,
With ſmall hands and fingers long, nothing of her was ſhapen wrong,
Wherefore ſhould I her deceiue, there was neuer none fairer on liue.
The Merchants are to Court gone, & preſented the King with Beuis anone,
Therfore the King was fain & blith, & thanked ỳ Merchants a hundred ſith.
By Mahound ſaid the King I were gay, wende this child forſake his Lay,
For by Mahound that ſitteth on hye, yet ſaw I neuer a child with eye,
That bare ſo much fairenelle, neyther in length nor in broadneſſe.
Child he ſaid, thy name te lime, where thou wert borne, & in what countreye?
Sir he ſaid, Beuis is my name, where I was borne thinke I no ſhame,
In England my mother bare me, at South-hampton vpon the Sea,
My father thereof was Earle a while, my mother let ſlay him by a guile,
And hath me ſold to the Paynims, a wickeder woman may none be ỳwis,
And I may liue certainly, I ſhall reuenge my father ſir Guy.
The King of Armony ſaid, full well, of Guy of Hampton I haue heard tell,
Many a Palmer and Saraſine, he hath ſlaine with mickel paine.
Beuis, ſaid he, I haue no heire, but a daughter that is faire,
And thou wilt thy Lord forſake, and to Appoline our God thée betake,
I ſhall giue thée her to be thy Wife, and all my Land after my life.
Sir he ſaid, that will I nought, for all things that euer was wrought,
Neyther for any gift may be, nor for thy daughter that is ſo frée:
I ſhould doe my ſelfe diſhonor, if I ſhould forſake my Creator.
The King did him no ſtance, for he was ſtedfaſt in his credence.
The King ſaid, Beuis, whyle thou art ſwain, thou ſhalt be my Chamberlain,
When thou art dubbed a Knight, thou ſhalt beare my Banner in fight.
Beuis anſwered milde and ſtill, what ye bid me doe, that I will.
Beuis was loued of Squire & Knight, for he was courteous both day & night.
Iolian gan Beuis for to loue, ouer all things that was aboue.
When Beuis was fifteene yere old, Knight nor Squire was none ſo bold,
That againſt Beuis durſt ride, me with no Weapon him abide.
The firſt cad without en leſſe, that Beuis did in Heathenelle,
It fell vpon Chriſtmas day, how it was I will you ſay.
Beuis rode to field him to ſolace, and fifty Saraſins met him alas:
A Saraſin gan to Beuis ſay, Beuis tell me what dight this day?
Beuis anſwered him ỳwis, I wot not what day it is,
For I was but ſeuen yeare old, when to the Heathens I was ſold.

Therefore

Therefore fellow blame not me, if I wot not what day it be.
The Sarasins said and lough, we can tell thee well enough,
This day is Christmas day, that thy God was borne, men say,
This day thou shouldest thy God honour, with some Nobles as we do our.
Beuis unto a Sarasin said, of Christendome doest thou me braid?
I would I were as wel armed in this place, as euer sir Guy my father was,

For his love that ware the crowne of thorne, on this holy day was borne,
Would I fight with all the rout: then should men se without doubt,
Whether he were stronger in heauen, or all the Mahounds you can name.
Hearken fellowes, said a Sarasin, how he despiteth Appoline,

Yet weeneth this Christian hound, that he can bring vs to the ground:
We will no longer haue respite, who so doth best shall be sene now right.
Turne thee Beuis, we thee bede, there is nought else but thou shalt die.
All at once on him they swong, and gaue him wounds wide and long.
Beuis had no weapon great nor small, for to defend himselfe withall,
There was no bot for him to pray, but let him doe the best he may.
Beuis was light and quicke, and to a Saracin he gan leape,
And with his fist he stroke so fast, that his cheeke bone he all to brast.
The Saracins sword he toke in hond, and felled all that before him would
There men might se much woe, when Beuis hands began to goe: (stand.
To some he gaue such wounds, that they lay grinning like hounds.
The Saracins were light and fis, and assayled Beuis with great enuie:
About Beuis the Saracins did leape, as they had bene a flock of sheepe.
Of some he gan the wombs down teare, that the guts trayled here & there,
There was no Saracin that he hit, but his body in sunder he split,
There might none flye by any side, but Beuis made them to abide,
And Beuis within a little stound, the fifte Saracins brought to ground.
Great game had Beuis to se then, the hurt Saracins to lye and grin:
Here is sene said Beuis in this stound, that God is stronger then Mahound.
The Saracins stedes homeward ran, without the guiding of any man,
And Beuis homewards did ride, with bloudie wounds on each side.
He stabled by his horse tho, and to his Chamber gan he goe,
To the fresh earth he layd him flat, for to stanch his wounds with that.
Tidings came to King Ermine, that in despight of his God Appoline,
Beuis had slaine his men fifte, and to the King done shame and villanie.
The King swore neuer to eate bread, if it were so, till he were dead.
When Iosian it heard, she was full woe, and to her father she did goe,
And said, you ought not to giue iudgement, till both parties be present,
Beuis is so milde of mood, I wot he did no man but good,
(By Mahound and by Termagant) but if he were defendant.
Then said the King, bring both to me, as Iosian sayth, so shall it be,
When we haue heard both parties, then will we doe iustice.
Iosian called forth two Knights, Goe your way the said forth-rights
To Beuis that is so free, and bid him come and speake with me.
To the chamber they went as she thē bad, eyther the other by the hand lad,
And when they came to the chamber doze, the one Knight went in before,
And said, Beuis is it thy will, to come speake with Iosian thy fill?
Beuis lookt vp with grim visage, Ile be said on your message,

I will

I will not once stirre of this ground, to speake with any heathen hound.
Unchristened hounds I rede you flee, or I your heart bloods will see.
The Knights hyed them fast away, and vnto Iosian they did say,
Lady, Beuis called thee hound, thrice within a little stound,
We would not oft goe to him, for all the Citie, he looketh so grim.
Yes said Iosian come with me, and certaine I shall your warrant be.
With the Maid forth went they, to the chamber where Beuis lay,
Beuis looked vp anone, and Iosian in her armes twaine
Tooke Beuis, and kissed him swete, his sorrow the said she did wete,
She said Beuis greeue no more, though thou art hurt wondrous sore,
For there is not in Paynims land, better leine I vnderstand,
Then I haue brought this stound, for to heale therewith thy wound:
Beuis rose vp at her bidding, and went forth vnto the King.
On Beuis was there at that tide, twenty wounds long and wide,
King Ermine then the truth heard, how Beuis and the Saracins fard,
He had such ruth and pitie, that the teares ran downe plentie,
He said faire daughter Iosian, heale Beuis woundes if you can,
I would not as I vnderstand, lose his life for all my land.
Iosian did Beuis to chamber lead, to stop the wounds they should not bleed.
With salues & drinks she healed him soft, & euer among she kissed him oft,
So within a little stound, Beuis was both whole and sound.

How Beuis in a morning rose and went to the Forrest and slew the wilde Bore.

A while

A Wilde boze was there abont, all men of him had great doubt,
And all the men that he toke, with his teeth he all to ſhoke.
The Boze was great & wondzous long, his head was great, and he ſtrong,
Euery man was grieued both knight & King, for to come in his meeting.
Lord ſaid Beuis vpon a day, whether is it as men doe ſay?
Certes my heart will euer be ſoze, till I haue foughten with the Boze.
Beuis roſe vp early vpon a day, and ſadled him his good paltray,
He toke a ſwoꝛd ſtiffe and ſtrong, a good ſhield and ſpeare long.
And forth he pricked ouer the field, Iosian ſaw and all beheld.
When Beuis came vnto thy wood, his ſhield he tooke that was ſo good.

His

His dozle he lyed to a thorne, and began to blow his horne:
And about the forrest he sought, but the Boze found he nought.
Till he came to the dimis denne, there found he the bones of many men,
That in the wood the Boze slew, the blood-hedzanke, the flesh he gnew.
Rise he said thou feule beast, thou shalt not here long rest.
When the Boze of Beuis had an eye, he set his hyllies all on hye,
And stared with his eyes all hollow, as he would fe Beuis swallow.
O' thee said Beuis I haue maruaile, well I haue spent this trauaile.
A speare to him did Beuis beare, in many pieces he burst it there,
All to weake that speare was wrought, for in the Boze bot it nought.
His swozd he drew to him there, but there might no dint him scare:
Beuis thought at each dint, that he had smitten vpon a flint,
The Boze smote at Beuis so hard, that he was neare faint coward.
Without rest hard fought they, till it was the noone of day:
Lozd said Beuis helpe and mercy, I am so weary me thinke I dye.
The Boze was feeble and faint also, and from Beuis gan he goe.
Then said Beuis yet will not Jesu, that I should lose my vertue:
Betide said Beuis what may betide, one of vs shall death abide.
Beuis smote the Boze with paine, the Boze saw that he turned againe,
As he came gaping all to wonder, the vpper taw he smote alunder:
In at the mouth the Boze he tare, and close his heart alunder there,
And with his swozd then in hast, the Bozes head he off cast:
And on a truncheon of his speare, the head he sticked thence to beare,
That saw the Fosters of the forrest, that Beuis had slaine that foule beast:
They said, we haue great disdaine, that he hath the Boze slaine:
Goe we to him, we will him slay, and take the head from him away:
Then shall we haue all the honour, right as we were conquerour.
As Beuis from the Forrest did ride, they him belet on every side:
The twelue Fosters were armed each one, and Beuis was naked alone.
Whē Beuis would hand on his swozd lay, the sradard he had, his swozd was away,
For he had left the swozd there, where he slew the wilde Boze.
Then had he nought to weare, but the truncheon of his speare.
Two Fosters smote he downe, with the stroke of his truncheon lone:
Nine Fosters he slew at dints three, and the other three away gan flee.
Beuis went with the head away: all saw Iosian where he lay,
Such loue on him then she cast, that neuer failed but euer did last.
The head of that wilde Swine, Beuis presented to King Ermine.
Then that time rose Beuis price, that was both curteous and wise.

SOone after, not long during, came a messenger to Ermine King,
From King Bradmound of Damas, that swore by Mahound & Golias.
That if King Ermine did not bicke, send Iosian to be his wife,
In many wises he would him nop, and all his land rob and destroy:
And said, in the first day of May, he would come and hold that day,
And take away his daughter then, and all his land destroy and burn.
King Ermine he was wod and wroth, & sent for Earles & Barons both,
And told them without faile, that King Bradmound had him battaile.
A word spake Iosian bright, by Mahound if Beuis were made knight,
He would succour you right well, my selfe saw where he did fell,
Nine Fosters at once there, and other three away gan flie,
Yet had he naught to weare, but the truncheon of a speare.
Thereof said the King shall be no let, but Beuis shall to vs be set.
Then he dubbed sir Beuis a knight, and made him harnesse for to fight:
Full well they gan for him purvey, with a great hoast against that day.
Beuis said the King help at this neede, for all my men thou shalt leade:
Arme thee right & take thy shield, for King Bradmound bides in the field,
Beuis put on his harnesme, that had wrought many a towne:
A hauberk Iosian to him brought, a better hauberk was never wrought,
A helmet he gave him good and faire, there might nothing it impaire:
Then to him that faire maide gave, Morglay a sword both fine and brave.
There was no better under the Sun, many a land therewith was won.
Iosian gave also a steede, the best that ever on ground pode.
Full well I can you his name tell, men call this steede Arundell:
No horse in the world was so strong, that might out-run him a furlong.
When Beuis in his saddle did light, Iosian smiled to see the knight.
Beuis did his horne blow, for that his hoast might it know.
Beuis had with him I understand, of bold yeomen twenty thousand:
And yet King Bradmound their for had full twice as many moe.
When Beuis came into the field, King Bradmound stod and all beheld:
A long laughter he made then, when he saw there was no more men.
Either of the hoasts gan other defie, they shot arrowes on either party:
With their bowes and arrowes, they flew fast on either parties:
And when they were thus fighting, there was earnest and no gaming.
King Bradmounds banner bare Radison, he was as strong as any Lyon:
Beuis at him had great envie, either of them did other defie, (I wend,
They smote their steeds with spurs of gold, Arundell ran right as Beuis
Both the parties stod & beheld, how either hit other amidst the shield:

Radison speare all to brast, Beuis speare held, and he sat fast:
Then through the shield and hacton, he bare the great stout Radison,
The speare burst and he fell downe, in his brest he left the trunchowne.
Then king Bradmound was abashed, for in Radison he euer trusted:
For he thought he was so maine, that no man might stand him agains.
About sir Beuis they came readily, to auenge his death on the other party,
And Beuis feast not but thought it good, to bath his glay in their blod.
Men might se in that stound: an hundred Saracins brought to ground.
A little farther he rode tho, and slew twice as many moe.
The Saracins that with Beuis were, helped him with their power,
Men might se ouer all, heads tumbling like a boll:
Many Saracins men might meete, with guts traysing about their feete.
Some all handlesse gan flie, and some all shanklesse aboue the knee:
And some their heads off he sent, and some noseletle away went:
And some fled with so great woonds, that they lay grinning like hounds.
A many steds men might se then, with dead Saracins away ren.
And all the fields and wholes had hem at sir Beuis dole.
Bradmound se his men misfare, two of sir Beuis knights he toke there,
And led them forth and would haue fled: Beuis saw they were bested.
He said, abide thou olde wretch, art thou come Iosian to fetch?
Yeld thy prisoners vnto me, I will deliuer them from thee.
Such a stroke he gaue Bradmound, that man and horse fell to the ground.
Mercy said Bradmound I thee pray, let me line and ransome pay:
Both Cities Castles and Towers, I shall thee giue with great honours.
Nay said Beuis, I will none of thine, but become seruant to king Ermine,
And doe him homage and fealty, for other ransome none shall be.
Well said Bradmound, I had leuer doe so, then here to die in pain & woe,
Beuis charged him in his lay, that he should neuer by night ar day.
Wait king Ermine any treason, but be euer ready at his summon,
And hold him of his land as thiefe, be he loth or be he liefe.
Beuis was king Ermines attorney, to receiue homage that day.
When Beuis had done he let him goe, alas why did he not him sloe?
For some after as you may heare, he serued him in worse manner,
The knights he toke from Bradmound, Beuis led forth in that stound.
For great loue he would not blin, but them he had vnto his Inne,
And gaue them ofmeate & drink the best, & on his bed did cause them rest.
And when sir Beuis had done so, vnto the king he then did goe:
And said, sir K. make good bilage, for K. Bradmond hath don the homage.

And holds thée for chiefe in field & towne, & will be ready at thy commaun.
Then King Ermine was glad and blithe, and thanked Beuis often sithe,
And said faire daughter Iosian, I pray thée make much of this man:
Lead him to chamber, Mahound him sane, that therein he rest may haue,
And serue him both of meate and drinke, of the best that you can thinke.
Then faire Iosian was right glad, to her chamber the him led.
When Beuis was set soft on a bed, the boyds were laid, and tables spred:
When she had dinamed Beuis at a board she set him twis,
And made him well at ease and fine, with rich meat and pleasant wine.
When they had well eaten, and on a bed together sitten,
Iosian that was so true, thought she would her loue renew.
She said, Beuis, I vow certainely, aboue all things I doe loue thée:
And if thou loue not me againe, I shall be dead through woe and paine.
Then said Beuis be thou still, me thinkes thou speakest without skill:
Thou maist haue united King Bradmound that is so rich:
In this world is no man, neither King, Duke or Soudan,
But they would haue thée to their Queene, and if they had thée once séene:
I am a Knight of a strange land, and haue no more then I in hand.
Percie Beuis, said Iosian, I had rather haue thée for my lemman,
Thy body in thy shirt naked, then all the goods that Mahound maked,
Beuis she said tell me thy thought, Beuis sate still and said naught.
She fell downe and wept sore, saying thou saydst here before,
There is no King that me hath séene, but would haue me for his quéene:
And thou thinkest of me great spight, wend you out of my chamber right,
More comely it were thée like, for to hedge and make a dike,
Then thus to be dubbed a Knight, and to dwell among Ladies bright:
Goe Churle and euill mayst thou fare, Mahound giue thée sorrow & care.
Damsell he said, I am no Churle, my father was both Knight & Earle:
To my country I will me hie, neuer after thou shalt me see:
Thou gauest me a hoyse, take him here, I will not kéep him to be in danger.
Beuis went forth and would not blinne, till he came into his Inne.
As grieued he was as he were blamed, because Iosian him to shamed.
The two Knights that Beuis loued, asked him who had him grieued?
Beuis said neither god nor ill, but sate him downe and held him still.
When Beuis went Iosian fro, then did beginne all the woe,
Then she called the chamberlaine Boniface, & bis help asked in that case.
To Beuis on message she did him send, and said she would all things amend,
All that I bid thee, say truely, and pray him for to come to me.

Boniface

Boniface his way is gone to Beuis chamber he is come,
And said that Iosian did him send, who said she would all things amend.
And all should be after his will, so that he would come her till.
Beuis said, why should I doe so, she had me wend her chamber fro.
A robe gaue Beuis to the messenger, with other gifts rich and clere,
Well trimmed with great cost, beus this I say for thy hast,
And greete well thy Lady from me, and say I will her nere more se.
Boniface thanked him then, and so to Iosian went againe.
He said Lady make good cheere, for Beuis will no more come here.
Certes Madame you did vnright, for to miscall so noble a knight,
For it was neuer a Churles deede, to giue a messenger such a weede.
If Beuis will not come to me, I will not blinne till I him se,
Befall me there well or woe, vnto his chamber will I goe.
Iosian would no longer blinne, till she came to Beuis Inne.
When Beuis heard her without, as he did slepe he began to rout.
Beuis she said awake, I am come peace to make.
Faire Damsell then said he, let me alone, and goe from me,
I am weary of fighting full long, so will I for your loue no more.
Mercy she said my lemman swete, she fell downe and began to weepe.
Forgiue me that I haue mis said, if ye will be well apaid,
My false gods I will forsake, and Christendome will thee take.
On that conenant said Beuis then, I will thee loue swete Iosian.
He kissed her to accordement, and therefore was Beuis shent, (mound.
The two knights were there that stound, that Beuis tooke from S. Brad-
They heard all their conenant, and went to the King in an instant.
And said, Beuis this same day, hath made Iosian forsake her lay,
And surely he will lye her by, except ye seeke some remedy.
And if he be not sent away, he will destroy all your lay.
It is true by all Hallowes, deliuer a theefe from the gallowes,
He shall thee waite to rob or slo, so it fared with these Knights two,
Beuis deliuered them from perill, and they requited him full ill.
Alas then said Ermine the King, sore am I grieued at this tiding.
Sithen that Beuis came me till, much he hath done at my will,
I would not for all Armony, see any doe Beuis villany,
But I would faine auenged be, so that the deed I might not se.
And then a Saracin to him said, there may be in parchment made,
A letter vnto King Brademound, and will that he be brought to ground.
As he is true liegeman to you sworne, by Beuis shall the letter be borne.

And by Mahound I dare ſay, Beuis ſhall neuer goe quite away.
When this was brought vnto the end, the king did after Beuis ſend,
And ſaid, thou ſhalt go ſaith right, a be true meſſenger as thou art knight.
And beare king Bradmond this letter, e euer thou ſhall be the better.
Some other lare elſe ſhould beare it, but it ſhall turne thee to great profit.
Sir, let me haue Arundell and good Morglay, I dare vndertake the way,
Be Bradmound neuer ſo wrath or woo, I ſhall make my party goo.
Wherefore ſaid Ermine thinke vpon for thou ſhalt but on my meſſage go
Take therfore an eaſie hackney, that may beare thee alway eaſily.
It becommeth no meſſenger to lead, on meſſage ſo heauy a ſteede.
And Beuis thou ſhalt to me ſweare, that thou ſhalt truely my letters beare
And as thou art true man liefe, not vnder the print of my briefe.
May ſaid Beuis on Chriſten Rod, he toke his letter and ſaith he yode,
Vpon an ambling hackney leaning at home Arundell and Morglay.
Ieſu him comfort and rede, with him he beareth his owne dede.

LEaue we now of Beuis here, and ſpeake we of his eame Sabere,
After that Beuis from him was ſold, his heart for him waxed colde:
He called to him his ſonne Terry, and bad him wend for to eſpye,
In Saraſins land far and neare, if he might ought of Beuis heare,
Palmers wede thou ſhalt weare, ſo maiſt thou better of him heare.
He gaue him treaſure for to ſpend, when that is gone God will more ſend.
Forth then gan Child Terry fare, to Saraſins land till he came there.
In many a towne he hath ſought, yet of Beuis heard he nought,
Till it befell vpon a day, as afterwards I ſhall you ſay.

How

How *Beuis* went on message to King *Brademond*, and how he fought in the Citie of *Damasce*, against the Sarasins that made sacrifice to Idols, and how he cast them downe, and cast them into the durt, and afterward was taken and put into prison.

TUrn again where we were before, of Beuis of hampton to speak more
Beuis rode forth and passed fast, towards the Citie of Damasce:
He rode daies and nights both, and rested not without oath.
He rode as fast as he might ride, two or three moreowes tide:
Then sit he both to drinke and eate, as a weary man doth after heate,
To sleepe he had fast the sleep tels, that might he get but nothing else.
Beuis laid him downe to sleepe a stounde, let his horse bait on the ground:
When he awoke out of his sleepe, no longer he abode, but vp he did leape.
He came to a forrest faire and broad, and thither ward as he rode,
He saw a Palmer sit him nere, with bread and wheat his dinner.

Taken Curteſies he had thẽ, though he ſeemed poore to be.
The Palmer ſaw *Beuis* was a knight, he vailed his bonnet as was right,
And ſaid, courteous ſir knight, pleaſeth it you here downe to light:
Such liking I haue to thee, therefore ſir knight pray eate with me:
Thou maiſt with me full euen, to a man that I can name.
Beuis ſaid vnto him againe, hunger hath done me much paine.
Beuis ate and dranke plenty, while he would ſit and thereat be.
Then to ſpeake *Beuis* began, Palmer he ſaid art thou a Chriſtian?
Where wert thou borne tell to me, and what thou doeſt in this country?
Then ſaid the Palmer, ye ſhall vnderſtand, that I was borne in England,
At South-hampton vpon the ſea, and came into this countrie,
To ſeeke after a youth full right, forſooth *Beuis* he was hight:
I ſhall him ſeeke till I him finde, though I him ſeeke to the worlds end,
To bring him into England, to help my father with his hand,
Againſt his ſtepfather for to fight, to winne his heritage and right.
What hight thy father, good Palmer? ſir, men tell him ſir Sabere:
Sir, he hath euer borne in ſtrife, ſtly ſir Guy of Hamptons life:
I left him in an Ile full good, that is inclosed with ſalt flood.
And euery yeare a day certaine, he fighteth with ſir Miodure of Almaine,
For to winne his heritage. I haue for him vndertooke this voyage:
Tell me therefore if you can, with me right vnto that man.
Then ſaid *Beuis* with milde cheere, *Beuis* haue I knowne this ten yeare:
It is not thrée houres at all, ſithen we were both in one hall:
There is no man by Gods ore, in Chriſtendome that I loue more:
We were fellowes lately, he told me his father hight ſir Guy.
Sir, ſaid the Palmer, that is he, for Goodneſſe let me him ſee.
Nay ſaid *Beuis*, it may not be ſo, but on meſſage muſt I goe.
But goe thou to England againe, & helpe thy father with might & maine,
For when I haue my meſſage done, I ſhall ſpeake with *Beuis* full ſoone:
And tell him what I vnderſtand, and make him hie into England:
Perchaunce, with *Beuis*, who is my friend, I alſo will to England wend.
Sir ſaid the Palmer in his language, to whome doe you ride in meſſage?
To King Bradmound ſaid *Beuis* I weene, he is my foe and not my friend.
Sir ſaid the Palmer if it thy will be, I pray thee let me thy letter ſee.
Nay ſaid *Beuis* not for woe, ſo mought I thame to my ſelfe doe;
It ſhall neuer vnſealed be, till King Bradmound doth it ſee.
They tooke their leaue, and gan goe, either thanked other of them two.
The Palmer went to England ward, and *Beuis* did ride on forward.

Towards

Toward the Citie of Damace, the which was a full pleasant place,
There was King Bradmonds Pallace, was neuer a richer the story sayes,
For both the windowes & the wall were painted with Gold, tower & hall,
pillars & doores were all of bralle, windowes of stone were set with glasse:
It was so rich in many wise, that it was like a Paradise.
About the place there was a Dike, for breadth and depth were to the like.
Ouer the Dike a Bridge there lay, that man & beast might passe that way:
Under the Bridge were fiftie Wells, full so many as the storie tells,
That there might no man passe in, but all they rang with a ginne.
At the Bridge end there was a Tower, painted with Gold and colour,
Rich it was for to behold: thereon stood an Eagle of Gold,
His eyes were of precious stones, of great vertue for the nones,
The stones were so rich and bright, that all the place shone with light.
When Beuis was there the Citie, of this place marueiled he,
For when Beuis borne was, saw he neuer such a place.
When Beuis came the Citie within, great mirth and noyse he saw begin,
The Saracins them did sacrifice, to their Mahumets in their wise.
And Beuis came nere to sir, and said, what the Deuill of Hell doe you?
Why make you Mahound this present, and forsake God omnipotent?
I shall wit before I goe, what Mahound can say or doe.
Beuis leapt vnto Mahound, and take him right by the Crowne,
And cast him amid the mire, and bad them take vp their sire.
The Saracins that by Beuis stood, for ire and teene they waxed wood,
They swore all he should bere abye, the despising their Deitie.
There was no more then to say, but all at once on him they lay.
Beuis saw that, his sword he drew, and all that would abide he slew.
Then rose the cry in the Citie, and Saracins gathered great plentie:
About sir Beuis they gathered, because Mahound he despised.
Beuis then did make a stoure, at each stroke he felled foure,
With the Saracins he fought so fast, that two hundred to ground he cast.
Within a while men might mete, heads tumbling in the streete,
To the Pallace they ran hasting, for to haue succour of the King:
And said, sir we are annoyed, for many men are here destroyed,
Through a Knight that hither is come: all our Gods he hath pulled down,
And trodden them vnder his feete, in the mire amids the streete,
And all thy men he hath slaine, that euer did fight him against:
Sir King but we haue helpe of thee, he will destroy all the Citie.
King Bradmound said, By my God, be he Deuill or be he wood,

What he is I will goe see, arme you sone and come with me.
Forth they went all the rout, from the Kings Pallace without doubt.
Right on the Bridge the story sayes, they met him going to the Pallace.
When Beuis saw the King with Crowne, upon his knees he kneeled downe,
And gaue him up the deed with his hand, and said, Jesus that I understand
Shaped all the World so round, giue thee sorrow, King Bradmound:
But Mahound and Apoline and Termagant, which be Gods thine,
Let them giue thee now their blessing, with short life and cruell ending.
Well the greeteth King Ermine, and sendeth thee a Letter in Parchmine,
And biddeth thee his bidding doe, as thou art sworne him vnto.
The King of Beuis receiued the Deede, and gaue it to a Clarke to reade:
The Letter bad he should him hast, and that he should not goe him fro,
For certaine if he passe away, he will destroy all our Lay.
When King Bradmound heard of this, he made therefore great ioy & blisse:
He said, Beuis welcom to Court with shame, we will teach thee a new game.
Thou art he that meue me thrall, not onely me, but my men all,
Then shewest & brought till my men to ground, xx. within a little stound,
And hast in despight of Mahound, slaine my men in this stound:
But blessed euer may Mahound be, that sent thee hither vnto me,
For I will be auenged sone, for all the sorrow thou hast me done:
But blame not me Beuis berament, but blame him that thee hither sent.
Some said, he shall be slaine, and some, he should be quicke slaine:
Some said, drawe him through the Citie, & some said, hang him on a Tree.
Beuis he stood still and heard, of all their treason how it fard,
And said, sir King it is no rede, to iudge me a Dogs rede,
A Knight I am as well as you, therefore take you counsell now,
And grant me armour and stede, sword and speare good at nede,
Sure helme and stalworth shield, and bring me faire into the field,
And arme your men selfe and more, fiftie thousand if they were,
And let me dye in battell right, as is the manner of a Knight.
Then the Barons cryed all, and to the King gan they call,
They said, he will your men downe-fold, if you grant him battaile bold;
Grant him prison through your rede, let him be there till he be dead.
For in your prison be Dragons two, and other Wormes many moe,
And were he vnto your prison brought, vnto none liueth he nought.
Bring him thither they all said then, and not in field among your men.
Then spake King Bradmound, bring him downe vnto the ground.
For he shal die with much sorrow, all Christendome shall not him borrow.

About

About Beuis they gan driue, as Bees doe about a Hiue.
When Beuis saw none other rest, then he began to doe his best,
With his sword he stood at defence, against them all in his presence.
Sir Beuis fought that it was wonder, till his sword burst in sunder:
Alas, said Beuis, and well away, now I want good Morglay.
But neuertheless good sir Beuis, brought to ground with his fists
Sixtie Saracins to ground sone, after that his sword was done:
But euer they gathered moe and moe, and tooke Beuis with much woe,
And bound together his hands fast, that all his fingers on blood out-brast.
They led him streit into the Hall, and set him downe in a Knights stall.
A Knight him fed with meat & drinke, whatsoeuer he would after thinke.
The King bad Beuis eate fast, for this he sain shall be thy last.
An hundred Saracins stood then, about Beuis with swords drawne,
In chance if his hands out-brast, lest he should make them all agast.
When Beuis had eaten & made him glad, into the prison they did him lead.
When he was at the ground, Beuis hands they vnbound,
For they were sure and fast, that he should not make them agast.
In the prison when he came downe, there he found a short tronchoune.
In his hands the same he tooke, and saued his life, so sayth the Booke.
A water through the prison ran, that carryed the filth from the man.
He had not beene there a while, not the mountenance of a mile.
But two Dragons of much might against sir Beuis came to fight.
Fast fought both he and they, all the night and all the day,
The two Dragons neuer stayd, till they had Beuis wearie made,
But by the other day at none, these two Dragons were fordone.
His staffe was broken all alway, but little in his hand did stay.
When these Dragons were dead, then could Beuis no better reade,
But thanked Jesu that all shall win, of the care that he was in.
Seuen Winters he was there, meate he had some euermore,
But once a day, without lesse, of Wheat Bran he had but a Pesse,
For to length withall his life, in pouertie and in great strife:
Bread of Wheat eate he no more, but of Water he had store.
Rats and Mice, and such small cheare, was his meat that seuen yeare.
Thus is Beuis in prison ground, God bring him out whole and sound:

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How *Iosian* demanded of her father for sir *Beuis*, and of the sorrow that she made.

Speake we now of Iosian that spaid, vnto her father how she said:
Sir Beuis she said, where is he? full long me thinketh till I him se.
Daughter, said he, I vnderstand, that he is gone into England,
And lieth in his heritage: he hath a wife of great parentage,
A kings daughter heended hath he, a Marchant this told it me.
Then was Iosian full wo, and to her Chamber gan she go,
And wept sore for sir Beuis, and thought some treason here is:
There is no man can tell the sorrow, she make both sweet and narrow.

How King *Iew* married faire *Iosian*.

OF Mambrant the King called Iour, a rich King of great treasure,
Is come faire Iolian to wed, and of her father he him sped,
That granted her to be his Wife, and his Land after his life.
When Iolian heard she should be a queene, against her will it was I weene,
She had leuer without en lelle, to haue bene sir Beuis Countesse:
Neuertheleſſe sith it is so, against her father she durst not doe.
Euer she said, sir Beuis, the kinde Knight of South-hampton is,
He would neuer me forsake, but some treason did it make:
I shall neuer untrue be, as thou art, Beuis, unto me.
I shall goe now and make a Writt, through some Clarke that is of wit,
That no man shall haue grace, while that Letters be in place,
Against my will to lye me by, nor doe me shame nor villany.
She caused the Letters to be brought, on the manner as she thought,
And put it about her necke, so that no man should her checke.
When it was to the time sped, that King Iour should her wed,
He sent for many Noble men, for the Soudan of Babylon then,
And for the Soudan of Perſie, it is no time their names to declare,
And prayed them both with him to be, when he should wed that Lady free.
When this feast should beginne, euery Knight came from his Inne.
When the feast was all done, King Iour would ride be gone
With Iolian that Lady bright, that euer was true both day and night,
Iolian then was brought to him there, with much thought and great care.
King Ermine tooke Arundel alſo, and praied him with him to goe,
And take with him good Morglay, and to King Iour gan he say:
Haue here I giue the this Blade, very strong and good at nede,
Haue here Morglay of Exle beſore, both they were Beuis of Hamptoun.
King Iour thanked him then, and pricked forth before his men.
They were not fully at Mambrant, but the King said by Termagant,
That he would into the Citie ride, on Arundel before his Bride.
On Arundel when he was brought, Arundel had in his thought,
That it was not sir Beuis, that on his back did sit pryst:
He leaped ouer ditch and theame, ouer hyer and ouer leame,
Would he neuer him running, till he had cast before the King:
He fore to ground he him cast, that his back bone all to brast,
And had not some come succour, he had then slaine King Iour.
They take the beaſt with much slight, and led him to the Pallace right,
With great ropes they him bound, there was no meat before him found.
Neither oates nor water cleare, there he stood full seuen yeare:

But that Iolian him brought, and that will the King nought:
For his men could not him read, without ſtaying to have him dead.

IOſian is now Queene, Beuis in priſon is with much teene.
Beuis therein was ſorlorne, he curſed the time he was borne:
His haire hanged long and ſlie, ſmall and ſimple was his pride.
On a day Beuis would ſlepe, an Adder great on him did crepe,
And ſtinged him ſore without lye, upon his brow above his eye.
Beuis awaked, and loud gan cry, and ſaid, Jeſu my Lord, mercy,
This Adder hath bitten me ſore, out of my life I would I were,
Helpe Lord and if it be thy will, and let me never in priſon ſpill.
With that a Light come in, and appeared unto Beuis:
This Light he ſaw by this night, by which the Virgine lost her light,
And before him all to braſt: Beuis ſaw it, and reioyced faſt.
Sir Beuis was feeble and faint, to Jeſu Chriſt he made his complaint,
And unto his Mother Mary, ruthfully he began to cry:
Lord he ſaid of Heauen King, that ſhaped me and every thing,
What offence have I done to thee, that thou will not helpe me?
The Sarazins doe me much woe, have mercy on me Lord now,
And give me grace Heauen to win, and get out of this priſon I am in.
The two Keepers heard his complaint, how feeble he was, and how faint:
The one ſaid, Pegrell thou this fellowne, how he ſtill belpeketh Mahound?
He weeneth that his God can him ſaue, and ſuccour he thinketh to have,
But by Mahound it ſhall not gaine, I ſhall not reſt till he be ſlaine:
And ſodainly at that word, he let a Lampe downe by a Cord,
And ſaid, come downe when I call, to helpe what euer me befall.
Then a ſword he take by his foe, and by the rope downe did glide,
And ſmote Beuis in that ſtound, that he felled him to the ground.
Lord, ſaid Beuis, why doſt thou ſo? now is my heart in full great woe,
Had I my ſword god Morglay, and Arundel my good Palfray,
For all Damas with their treaſon, would I not care one button,
And now the moſt wretch of all, with one ſtroke doth make me fall,
Now I wiſh I were hanged, if I be not well reuenged.
Beuis with his fiſt ſmote ſo faſt, that his necke he ſone braſt.
The other cryed that was above, and ſaid, Fellow to him in loue,
Haſt thou of me any neede, that I may come thee to reede?
Yea, ſaid Beuis, all for guile, come hither a little while,
For I muſt nedes have thy read, or that Beuis will be dead.

The

The other képer no longer abode, but downe the rope he slode,
And saw Beuis whole and sounde, and his fellow dead on the grounde,
He would haue fled vp in that tide, but Beuis sayde thou maist abide.
Beuis with his fellowes brand, smote asunder through Gods hand,
The rope aboue the Sarasins head, that to prison to his fellow he yéde.
Then was Beuis glad and faine, his two képers he had slaine,
A day he lay and nought did eate, he thought that life nothing swéte,
Yet was Beuis wont each day, while that he in prison lay,
Of wheate bran to haue a messe, therewith his hunger to redresse:
But when his képers were downe, bread nor bran had he none.
That penance was full strong, he thought he lined all too long,
Jesu Christ sir Beuis said, helpe me now with a little bread,
The rope I may not reach, but if thou me shew vp teach.
Vp high he smote the rope asunder, (the it reacht it were a wonder,
But by Gods might. Beuis slipped, he was full light,
And gat the rope in his hand, and came vp I vnderstand.
When he came vp he saw no light, for it was about midnight.
But well he heard in the stable, Oxenes sing and make great dable,
Vnto the table doze he went and lingle it open at a dint,
A doze barre he take in his hand, and slew all that there he fand,
A good stéde forth he brought, and sadles him well inough.
Beuis rode to the gate full euen, and called the porter with milde steuen,
Rise porter anon he said, Beuis of Hampton hath vs betrayde.
Sone after the gates were vnlockt and with that Beuis out lept.
The porter straight his way take, vnto the prison for to take,
He found the képers slaine swith, but Beuis escaped is.
The porter said by my snout, that same was Beuis that I let out.
The porter went to the king and said, how that Beuis had him betrayde,
And had slaine his képers both, the king therefore was wondrous wroth.
There were fiue kings in the pallace, that did him homage the story sayes,
To them Bradmound made his moane, then they armed them euery one,
A knight there was proud and fierce, men called him sir Granders,
An horse he had of much prise, the which was called Troncheffe,
He was worth his weight in Gold, he would run well vpon the mold,
Sir Granders was the first dight, on Troncheffe vp he light,
And rode after sir Beuis, well he thought to win the prise,
When he was past Damas, he saw Beuis ride apace,
He said turne thee dogs whelpe, thy God shall thee nothing helpe.

Through thee I shall get renowne, if thou be Beuis of South-hampteton.
Then Beuis bade him doe say, it is no maistry me to slay,
For if that here I shame be, it is through hunger and not through thee:
But nevertheless we will assay, how well thou wilt thy battle pay.
Beuis turned him full well and fare, they rode together with great ire,
Such a stroke he gave Grandore, that through helme and harbert shire,
Heart and body he clove asunder, there helped no armour, that was wonder:
Right to the sadle, by hand wide, he clave him betwene like a swine.
Beuis, Truncheface leave bestrode, he left his armes, and forth he rode.
King Brademound with all his host, came riding after with great boast,
And so full followed they, that Beuis was taken to the sea: (slaine,
He said, if I fight with so many a man, for hunger am feeblenesse I shall be
Yet will I to the water flye yfaith, and let God worke what his will is,
Then to be slaine among them all: helpe me Lord, for now I call.
Beuis made his horse to leap, for to swim into the sea he crept,
The heathen saw that after came, into the sea the Steed with him swam:
By the helme of the head of might, the Steed bare over that noble Knight.
When he was the water over, the Steed him cast, and shook him fast,
And for feebleness in that stound, sir Beuis fell upon the ground:
Lord, said Beuis, now hunger am I, if I were King of Armony,
I would give it without reade, for one shiver of bowne bread.

FOrth rode Beuis with great ire, till he came to a Castle faire,
A Lady over the Wall lay: Dame, said Beuis, I thee pray,
For his love that died on the Tree, one morsell meat give to me.
The Lady answered him tho, from my Gate I rede thee goe,
Another place is better then here, for here thou getteth a cold Dinner,
For my Lord is a Geant, and beleeveth in Mahound and Termagant,
And if he knew thou be a Christian, he will slay thee with much paine.
Alas, said Beuis, and swore an oath, whether he be lieve or loath,
Here will I meate eate, to his therefore but I it get.
The Lady was abashed withall, and went downe into the Hall,
And told her Lord that was so stout, how a man had sworne without,
That he would eate there his fill, in despight of his good will.
Yea, said the Geant, will he so? a doze-barre he take in his hand tho,
And out into Beuis he braide, and thus unto him he said:
What art thou, fellow? art thou wise? where stolest thou Truncheface?

That

That thou ſtrikeſt vpon there, he was my brothers, ſir Gyandere,
God knoweth then ſaid Beuis, I there ſir Gyanderes cruelnes this.
When we met laſt in battaile, I was his priſe without en faile,
And if thou dos with me fight, I may thin ſlay in my right,
Alas ſaid the Gyant for ſir Gyandere, his death thou ſhalt abide ful dere.
At ſir Beuis he lmote full ſore, but of him he failed there,
And hit Trunchefice in that ſtound, that he fell dead to the ground.
Beuis leapt all without reſpitte, and at the Gyant gan he ſmite,
Such a ſtroke was not ſtrucke with hand, ſince liued Oliuer & Lanland.
The Gyant ſaw that Beuis was ſtrong, he drew out a dart ſharp & long.

Through Beuis shoulder he did it shoot, the blood ran downe to his foot.
When sir Beuis saw the blood, for ire and teene he inared wood,
He smote the Gyant then full ill, with all his might and all his will.
And such a stroke he him lent, that sturne and head from body went,
Brest and body he cloue downe, with one stroke of his fauchiowne.
Now, said Beuis, by Mone and Sun, I trow my meat I haue well won.
Dame, said Beuis, stay no more, but giue me meat, I hunger sore:
And thus much take thou of me, of meat and drinke no niggard be.
The Lady durst not him withsay, she led Beuis in by the hand,
And serued him of bread and wine, and euerward of meates fine;
And of each seuerall vitis, she brought vnto sir Beuis,
He made her to eate first truely, lest she should doe some villany,
And drinke first of the Wine, lest she should put poyson therein.
When Beuis had eaten enough, a white Kerchiefe he forth drough,
And stopt therewith the wounde, to stay the bleeding in that stounde.
Then Beuis into the Stable yode, and sadled him a goodly Steede,
There would he no longer abide, he tooke his horse and forth did ride.
Then sir Beuis on his way rode, till he came forth all abroad,
Vnto a faire greene place: Lord, said Beuis, blessed be thy grace.
And now I hold that Bradmond King, were here with me, all his spring,
On this Greene men should see, whether I would from him flye.
Forth rode Beuis by the Kreenne, till he came to Hierusalem,
And to the Patriarch he went full swift, and of his sinnes he him shrift:
Of Iosian to him he told the strife, that by right should haue bin his Wife.
The Patriarch for his great ruth, wept for him, and thought great ruth.
He kept with him sir Beuis, till he was sound and whole inis,
And forbad him on his life, that he should nere take any to Wife,
But were she a Paiden cleane: yea, said Beuis, so I meane.
When it came vnto the night, Beuis tooke his leaue like a gentle Knight.
On the morrow when it was day, Beuis rode forth on his way.
As he rode himselfe alone, he bethought whither to gone:
Whether shall I to England fare? nay, what should I doe there,
Vnlesse I might me hoast gather, for to slay my Sty-father?
I will be said to Armony, to know the cause wherefore and why
That the King did this treason, for my seruice, against all reason.
As Beuis rode forth on right, he ouertooke another Knight.
That would goe forth to Armony, and Beuis bare him company.
As they rode, at the last, either beheld the other fast.

And either then the other knew, for sometime they were fellowes true.
Together they killed, after that, he asked Beuis of his estate.
God knoweth said Beuis and Iosyan, I have had sorrow inough.
And suffered both hunger and colde, and other paines manifold,
Through the treason of king Ermines sore I would requite his paine.
Were not his daughter Josian, this day I would be his bane.
Iosian he said is a bold, against yet with all my might,
Seuen yeare it is by Mahomet, at Hell king Ioue of Pambyant,
Iosian in Pambyant on wood, both to board and also to bed.
He hath the sword god Morglay, and Arundell the good palfray.
Where is Pambyant, two Beuis said? sir he said yonder before,
To Pambyant ye cannot ryde to day, but ryde you must by the way,
Next day he rode forth certainly till he came to Pambyant plaine.

PAmbyant is a rich Citie, fayre and louely for to se.
When sir Beuis of South-hamptoun, came within that rich town,
With a Palmer there he met, full fayre either other gan greete,
Palmer he said where is the king? sir he said forth on hunting,
With many knights stout and keene. Palmer he said where is the Quene?
Sir he said in her tower: Palmer he said doe me some fauour,
Giue thou me thy weede, for my cloathing and for my feede.
Would God said the Palmer, that I had made that change sir,
Beuis gaue to him his weede, so that he might haue his weede.
Beuis went to the Castle gate, many Palmers he found there sat,
Beuis said, brethren deere, for what thing abide you here?
They answered him that there stood, we stand here for some good:
Beuis said, who shall it doe? the Quene they said, we hope so.
God cheare the doth here make, once a day for Gods sake.
For all that she hath found here, euery day this seuen yeare,
Alas alas quath the by my crowne, for Beuis sone of South-hamptoun.
Then said Beuis, for Christs sake, tell me how the Palmer past,
When this alms shall be past? the Palmer said at after noone.
Beuis said it is but early pace, he would rest him one while or two,
He thought he would go see and tell, and that it might well be.
As he came vnder a turret, that neere vnto the castle was set,
He heard Iosian weep and wail, and her sad lamentacion tell.
Alas cha said for a good Beuis, the gentil knight of South-hampton is,
Alas shall I neuer see that day, that euer worthy him speake I may.

Lord Jesu Christ that I take till. helpe me when it is thy will.
Euery day for seuen yeere, Iosian that Lady here.
Was wont much sporte to make, for Beuis of Hamptons sake.
Among the rest to the gate there, for to bring in the Palmers geare,
Beuis stood fast unto the gate, lest he should come too late.
The Palmers gestes in hall, Beuis abode, and was last.
To the hall the Lady them euery one, but yete Beuis said Iosian anone,
Thou art most welcome unto me for I desire to talke with thee,
Begin then the high Palmer, and merrily goe to the dinner.
When the Palmers were all set, meate and drinke she did them fet
Then she gan to Beuis say, tell me Palmer without delay,
Hast thou heard any more tell, of any land where it befell,
Or in field, or in towne, of one Beuis of South-hamptowne?
I shall make them rich without lasting, that of him can tell any thing:
Yes dame said Beuis and laugh, sir Beuis I know well enough,
At home in his country, I am an Earle and so he,
And loueth me as his brother, and so we euer did each other:
At home he gan me much to tell, of an house that hight Arundell.
I asked in many a land, for that house I vnderstand,
And sought both farre and neere, and each man saith he is here,
As you loue that same Knight, of that house let me haue a sight.
The Queene then without any fable, led Beuis into the stable,
The Queene gan Beuis behold, and vnto Boniface she told,
I trow said she by my crowne, this is Beuis of South-hamptowne.
But Beuis beard was never borne, since of his mother he was borne.
When Beuis into the stable came, anone to Arundell he came,
And said Arundell God thee saue, without the towne I would thee haue,
With this I neede came to Hamtsout, but with me thou holdst to England
Arundell in sunder burst chaines seuen, when he heard sir Beuis neuen,
And forth he ran out of his place, and neighed and made great race,
Alas said Iosian tho, for Arundell I am full woe,
For he will be many a mans bane, or that he againe be tane.
Nay said Beuis and laugh, I can take him well enough,
If that you will giue me leaue, I shall take him I perceiue:
To take the horse the him prayed, and lead him up the Lady said,
That there be no more distance, for that I shall the aduance.
I grant said Beuis by Gods grace, when Arundell saw his master come,
He would never start nor leape, till Beuis on his backe did skippe.

Beuis

Beuis on Arundels backs him throbe, and thereby lolian him knelys.
Pe the said Beuis sone there, rise not from me in no manner,
Thou promistest me to wife to take, when I my false Gods did forsake.
Helpe Beuis at this nede, for thou now hast Arundell thy stede,
I shall fetch thy swerd Morglay, and then lead me with thee away,
Then said Beuis thou mightst me blame, it may turne me into shame,
I lay for thee in prison strong, seuen winters that was long,
And the Patriarch on my life, charged me never to take a wife,
But she were a maiden cleane, and seuen yeare thou hast been a Quene.
And euery night a knight by thee, how should thou a maiden be?
Mercy Beuis then said she, bring me home to your country,
If you finde me not a true woman, in all that you say can,
Send me hither to my foe, my selfe all naked and no moe.
I grant said Beuis that you doe, on the covenant that it be so.
Hie you fast and make you yeelle, and if with me goe you list:
Boniface stood still beside, and said sir it were best to abide,
Sir Beuis, he said it is great perill, you shall be taught a better skill.
The King is gone on his playing, and soone he will come from hunting,
And if he finde we be away, he will pursue vs night and day,
With all his great chiualrie, of courage stout and hardy.
Ye shall be ware throughe the towne, and hanged like a false felowne.
Sir Beuis I you pray, Arundell to stable ye leade.
And at the gate you shall abide, for when the King doth in ride,
He will aske you of tidings, where you haue been and in what landes,
Ye shall tell him readily, that ye came out of Surrey,
And that the land was greatly annoyed, townes be burnt & men destroyed,
And that King Wadwin is, in point to lose his land iwis,
Through Sirackes and his men, of Antioch that rich city then,
Loke ye tell none other, for King Wadwine is his brother.
And when he hear eth this thing, he will go thither with great hasting.
With all his power and all his host, then may we goe with little boast.
Now said Beuis I hold me apaid, he led vp the horse as he said.
Soone after the King from hunting, and of Beuis asked tiding.
And all him told Beuis those, as Boniface told him before.
I haue great wonder said King Iour, that he seweth not for succour.
The messengers were taken said Beuis true, and intreated full euilly,
That came from King Wadwine, for to bring these tidings,
King Sirack hath them to hold, I trow Wadwines heart is cold.

Now said King Iour, I will hye me to that Iour,
With all my power to helpe my brother in his right against the other.
King Iour gathered a great company, forth he went into Surrey.
But his Steward sir Grassey, he left at home full strictly.
Then came together in that case, Beuis, Iosian, and Boniface.
Now it is time said Beuis to goe, nay said Boniface ye shall not doe so.
The Kings Steward sir Grassey, is made keeper of my Lady:
I know an hearbe said he pwis, that of such a vertue is,
All those that thereof drinke, it shall make their eyes to winke,
And make them sleepe through its might, all a day, and all a night:
Had Grassey drunke this hearbe with Wine, then might we goe very fine.
When Boniface had done this thing, he rose up without leasing.
On the morrow without en misse, Iosian, Boniface, and Beuis,
They them purueyed as they would, both of Siluer and of Gold,
They hyed them forth on their way: sir Grassey awoke on the next day.
When he wist the Queen was with the Palmer gone, he made great mone,
He made his men them to dight, and gathered great power to fight,
And he rode forth all by deene, after the Palmer and the Queene;
All Mambrant after them drough, weaponed and armed well enough,
On euery side with a great rout, they beset Beuis round about.
Then said Beuis to Boniface, thou seest we be in a straunge case,
Thou shalt with her abide here still, while I goe fight with them my till,
They shall obie if that I may, for I haue rested many a day,
Had you neuer so good gaming, as you shall see when we are lamming.
Nay said Boniface vnto him tho, for with it shall not be so,
I shall bring you Ille in doubt, the Land is beset round about:
A little beside vs here, is a Caue in a Rocke neare,
Were we once therein brought, we neede not care for them aught.
To the Caue they came at last, Grassey searched and ouer them past,
He went his way where he came fro, with great care and much woe.
All night in that Caue they were, without meat or drinke there:
Iosian hungred on the morrow sore, and to sir Beuis he complained thore.
Beuis said to Boniface, keepe thou Iosian in this place,
For I will goe vpon this hill, to see if I can ought kill,
That we may on coales cast, for Iosian may ill fast.
Forth went Beuis in that stound, with him he had a good Grey hound.
Now when Beuis was gone them fro, into the Caue came Lyons two,
Grinning and ramping with their sat, and both on Boniface they did leap.

His

His sword vnto him he drough, and armed him well ynough,
And gaue vnto them battaile right, but all to feble was his might,
For mone they him slew, and his bones they all to gnew.
When they had eaten vp the man, they went both to Iosian.
And layd their heads vpon her arme, but they would her no harme:
For it is the Lyons kinde y wis, a kings daughter that a Mayd is,
Harme ne scath none to doe; therefore lay the Lyons so.
When Beuis came from hunting, in the Cane at the beginning,
As he went in for the bones, he saw a man gnawne to the bones.
Into the Cane then went he, to see what chance there might be.
Iosian sat in much doubt, and two Lyons her about.
Ah sir, said Iosian tho, come take reuenge of these two,
For right now haue they slaine, Bonface my Chamberlaine:
The one Lyon will I hold, whiles ye make the other cold.
About the necke she toke the one, and Beuis had let him alone,
I say Iosian let them goe free, for I see well a Maiden ye be:
What malterte is it, them to slee, in hands when ye hold them so?
Let them come to me both, or in soth I shall be wroth.
She let goe the Lyons without misse, and both they attayled sir Beuis.
Strong and perillous was the fight, betweene the Lyons and the knight,
They gaue him wounds long and wide, they tore his armor on euery side:
Beuis thereat was fell and wroth, and at one stroke he slew them both.
For Bonface full woe was he, but when he saw no bot would be,
He toke vp Iosian that tide, and on his way forth gan ride.
They had not ridden but a while, not the mountenance of a mile,
But they met with a Gyant, with a full furious semblant:
He was mighty and strong, he was full thirtie fot long,
He was brisled like a Bore, a foot there was betweene each brow,
His lips were great, they hung aside, his eyes hollow, his mouth wide,
He was loathsome for to loke on, he was liker a Diuell then a man,
His staffe was a young Oake, he would giue a great stroake.
Beuis wondred at that sight, and asked him what he hight?
My name is Ascapart, sir Grassey sent me hither-ward,
For to bring you home againe, and now I am glad and faine
That I haue you here found, for together you shall be bound,
So shall you be led to Mackbrant, with a sorrowfull semblant.
Yet, said Beuis, thou mayst faile, by me thou mayst die in battaile.
Off Arundell Beuis downe light, and betoke him to his Lady bright,

And Beuis with a bold hart, with speare sharpely Ascapart.
Betwixt them was great fight, Sir Beuis was nimble and light,
And hart his stirrop fro, wherat Ascapart grim did throw,
If his heart would hold, he could not once blow on Beuis bold,
For if he had smitten Sir Beuis once, he should haue beene all his bones.

Beuis shipped here and there, and gaue him wounds wide and sore,
Then Ascapart was full wo, and smote at Sir Beuis tho,
He smote to hit Sir Beuis crowne, his foot slipt and he fell downe,
And ere that he rise might, Beuis with his sword was dight,
To haue smitten off his head, but Iosian did it forbid.

For

Sir (he said) you shall him saue, and let him liue to be our slaue.
Dame he said he will vs betray, I will be his priest: (he said nay)
Ascapart did Beuis homage, and became sir Beuis page.
Then they went forth all three, till they came vnto the Sea:
A barke they found ready there, to Christendome for to fare.

There were Sarasins great plenty, and denyed Beuis therein to ferry.
When Ascapart heard of that, among to him he take his bat.
He dyde them out with much harme, and then Arundell vnder his arme,
With Beuis and Iosian to ship he bare, he drew vp sayle & made good fare.
They sailed forth forth to saine, vnto the hauen of Coleyne.

Beuis went into the land, and sawe a friend there he fand,
The Bishop of the towne surely, to sir Beuis was kinsman nie.
Beuis greet well the Bishop bolde, and what he was he him tolde.
The Bishop was full well apaid, and to sir Beuis welcome he said:
To sie you here I am not faine, my minde gaue me you were slaine.
Whence he said is thy Lady slaine? Sir, said Beuis of healthinesse a quein:
For her I haue suffred much payne, e she would become a christian faine.
He said what is this bad dilage? Sir said Beuis he is my page:
He must be christened also, though he be blacke and blo.
The Bishop christned Iosian, that was as white as any Swan:
For Ascapart was made a Funt, and when he should therein be put,
He lept ouer the bench, and said, out Charls foule thou me drench?
The diuell of hell thy bane be, I am to big to be christened by thee.
The folke had good game and lough, but the Bishop was wroth enough.

How *Beuis* slew a fierce and dreadfull Dragon in the Land of Colcyne.

NOw is Beuis in Colayne land, through the help of Christs hand,
There gat he great renowne, by the slaying of a Dragon:
For when Lancelot Du Lake, fought with the burning Drake,
Guy of Warwicke I vnderstand, slew a Dragon in Colayne land:
But such a Dragon was neuer seene, as sir Beuis slew in Colayne.
Beuis went to bed at night, with much ioy and torch light,
And after his first sleeping, he heard a rufull crying:
The voice said in his cry, Iesu my Lord haue mercy,
I rot he said bone by bone, my death is comming me vpon.
Beuis therefore had great sorrow, and asked them on the morrow,
And said what meant the cry? They answered and told him why,
They said it was a gentle Knight, that was strong and bolde in fight,
As he rode through the towne, he met with a fell Dragon,
That with venome on him throwne, the Knight had all to blowne.
Sir I shall tell you all the case, how the Dragon came to this place.
In the land of Calabour men tell, where two Dragons great and fell,
Theis two Dragons there do slay, for fennen yeare both night and day,
All that came both man and beast, on euery side East and West.

There was one in that Land, that was full of Gods loue,
He made request to God there, that he would for his mothers loue
Deliuer out by his holy grace, these two Dragons from that place:
Then these two Dragons downe fell, and had no power there to dwell.
Then they flew to Tuskaine: many men there haue they slaine.
From Tuskaine into Lombardie, there they did great villanie.
The one Dragon by Gods owne, flew to the Court of Rome:
He there resteth his cursed bones, some say in a Caue of stones,
Men say he is there yet, enclosed by Clarkes wit.
The other Dragon we vnderstand, flew hither into Coleyne Land,
Within a mile hence lyeth he, not farre distant from the Sea:

All Coleyne Land round about, haue of him great feare and doubt:
That Dragon was here this night, and hath destroyed the said Knight.
Lord Christ, said Beuis tho, may no man that Dragon slo?
Certaine they said without fable, all Christendome is not for him able,
But if Michael come do with, can no man slay that Dragon.
Sir Beuis called Ascapart him to, and asked him what thes shoulde be?
Wilt thou, said he, with me gae, for to se the Dragon wee two?
By chance if we with him fight, for ay hee may, by Gods might.
I am readie, said Ascapart, truly: haue done, come let us thither hie:
Beuis armed him and forth did ride, and Ascapart went by his side.
When they were past the Citie, and weren nie where he should be,
The Dragon cast vp such a yell, as would haue feared the Diuell of Hell.
Ascapart said with Beuis cheare, heard thou what I doe heare?
Yes, said Beuis, haue no doubt, the Dragon sure is here about,
Boldly shall we to him goe, vp Gods grace we shall him slo.
Beuis rode forth a good pace, whereas he scowed the Dragon was.
Surely, said Ascapart tho, yond towards vgline goe,
For I would not for all Rome, for the Diuell that made that type.
What Diuell, said Beuis? art thou mad? I thought nothing could thee haue (feard:
For thonne wilt thou afraid be, of any thing ere thou it se?
Sir he said with heauie cheare, I will him neyther se nor heare.
Well, said Beuis, wilt thou not so? I will him slay ere I goe.
Ascapart further would nought: Beuis rode forth, and there fought.
The Dragon cast vp a lowd crie, as it had thundred in the skie:
He turned his belly towards the Sunne, it was as big as any Tunne,
His scales was bright as the Glasse, and hard they were as any Brasse,
Betweene his shoulders and his taile, was forty foot without faile.
He weltred out of his den, and Beuis pricked his steede then,
And to him a speare he to throw, that all to shiuers hee burst.
The Dragon gan Beuis to assaile, and smote sir Beuis with his taile,
Then downe went horse and man: two ribs of Beuis were bruised than.
Vp start Beuis with good will, and ran after the Dragon still,
And good Morglay out braid, and on the Dragon fast he laid:
But for no stroke that he did strike, would his Morglay on him bite.
The Dragon was grieued sore, and smote at Beuis more and more,
And gaue him many a wound, and felled him oft to the ground:
What for weary, and what for faint, sir Beuis was neere attaint. (woord,
The Dragon followed on Beuis so hard, that as he would haue fled back-

There

Thats was a Well as I wéene, and he stumbled right therein.
Then was Beuis afrayd and wode, felt the Dragon shoulo him slue,
Or that he might away passe. When he in the Well was,
Then was the Well of such vertue, through the might of Christ Jesu,
For sometime dwelled in that land, a Virgin full of Christs land,
That had béene bathed in that Well, that euer after, as men tell,
Might no venemous Worme come therein, by the vertue of that Virgin,
Nor might it euenfast and nigh. Then Beuis was glad therefore,
When he saw the Dragon fell, had no power to come to the Well:
Then was he glad without faile, and rested a while for his trauaile,
And dranke of the Water his fill: and then he leapt out of the Well,
And with Morglay his sworo, assayled the Dragon I vnderstand:
On the Dragon he stroke so fell, that where he hit, the scales shall.
The Dragon then fainted sore, and cast vp a gallon more,
Out of his mouth of venome strong, and on sir Beuis he it flong,
Which was so venymous enuye, that when it was on sir Beuis,
His armour burst at that Euning, and he fell dead on the ground,
There was no life in him liuing, he lay as a dead man on the greene.
The Dragon smote him without faile, that he turned top and taile,
But therefore he take no keepe, he lay as a dead man a sléepe:
He smote Beuis as I you tell, that he smote him into the Well,
That was of so great vertue that time, for it might suffer no venime,
Through vertue of that Virgin, that once was bathed therein.
When Beuis was at the ground, the water made him whole and sound,
And quenched all the venome away: this Well saued Beuis that day.
When he felt him whole and light, and knew what Well of so great might,
Then was he joyfull man, he was as fresh as when he began:
He knéeled downe in that place, to Jesu Christ he called for grace,
That he would send him might, to slay that Dragon in fight.
Beuis blest him, and forth rode, and leapt out with heart full good,
And Beuis to the Dragon gone is, and the Dragon to sir Beuis.
Long and hard was the fight, betwixt the Dragon and the knight,
But euer when Beuis was hart sore, he went to the Well e walkt him there,
He was as whole as any man, and euer as fresh as when he began.
The Dragon saw he might not waste, bi side the Well to hold battaile,
He thought he would with some wile, out of that place Beuis beguile:
He would haue flowne then away, e Beuis leapt after with good Morglay,
And hit him vnder the wing, as he began to take his flying.

There he was euer without feare, then Beuis thought to be his bane.
He smote after him as I you say, with his sword good Morglay,
Vp to the hilts Morglay past, through heart, liuer, bone and blood,
To the ground fell the Dragon, great ioy then sir Beuis began:
Vnder the scales all on hight, he smote his head off forth right,
And put it vpon a speare, and alway he did it beare.
He went to Coleyne that tide, with great ioy and much pride.
When they of the Citie saw Beuis, come with the Dragons head gris,
All the bells they began to ring, Priests and Clarkes then did sing,
And brought Beuis into the towne, with great ioy and renowne.
Then was Beuis name in honour, every man did him succour.
In euery land is now spred, sir Beuis great prayse and meed.
Glad was the Bishop tho, that sir Beuis had beene him so.

Beuis did goe vpon a day, to the Bishop where he lay,
And said, what is your rede, sir? I would goe to reuenge my father,
Of that wicked fellon, that slew him by treason,
If I might by any gin, my heritage againe to win:
And sir you are my fathers brother, and sir Sabere is mother,
Of you two I must haue counsaile, for surely I will him assaile.
Sir, said the Bishop euene right, sir Sabere is a doubtie Knight,
For euery yeare on a day certaine, he fighteth thy stepfather againe.
With a great Warnage, for to win thy Heritage:
I will thee finde at my coastage, an hundred men, and pay them wage.
And goe to Sabere thy Vncle right, he lies now in the Ile of Wight.
Sir he said, I thanke you truly: but let thefe men be come redy.
Sir Beuis went then to Iosian, and take his leaue of his Lemman,
And said, my Lady, I must goe, for to reuenge me of my foe,
For to win into my hand, all my Heritage and my Land:
And here till I shall you be, and Ascapart shall be with thee.
He shall haue of I wote, money enough for to spend.
Iosian saw it must be so, she kissed him, and he forth did goe.
Forth went Beuis with a rout, of hardie men, bold and stout,
That the Bishop him gaue: so long on the Sea they drawe,
Till they came to a Towne, but two mile from South-hamptowne,
Then said Beuis to them tho, Is there any men that will goe
Vnto sir Murdure of Almaine, and say there is come an Almaine,
With doubtie men not farre distance, the best of the Realme of France?

And

And say we be come into this land, for we be giuen to vnderstand,
There should be great warre and fight, betwixt him and another knight.
And we will help him in that stour, if he will lend vs meet armour.
And if he will not doe so, to the other we will goe.
A knight went forth on that message, that noble wan of image.
When he came to the Castle gate, the porter let him in thereat,
And to sir Murdure was he led, he told to him as Beuis said,
Murdure then was hereof full faine, he rose vp and went them againe,
And brought sir Beuis into the hall, and faire saluted them all.
Beuis was sir Murdures guest, that night he did him feast.
His owne mother without lacking, made sir Beuis great feasting.
Murdure asked what he hight, Gerrard he said I you plight.
Gerrard he said, this, this Countesse which here is,
An Earle her had ere I her wed, and gat a child by her in bed:
When the Earle to death was brought, the youth anone wared naught.
His father was of noble blood, and his mother in all things good.
The boy when he came to age, sold to me his heritage.
He spent his time with much blame, and went out of the land for shame:
Now commeth his vncle a hardy knight, that dwelleth in the Ile of Wight,
And challengeth his heritage, with a full bold baronage:
And oftentimes with his great rout, destroyeth my land round about.
This is the cause sir Gerrard that either warre on other hard.
When sir Murdure had all said, Beuis sate still and was euill apaid,
And thought, Lord whether shall I slee this false traitor ere I goe?
So thought Beuis truely, it will turne to villany,
Then men might deeme by reason, that I slew him by treason,
It would me blot with cowardise, if I him slay in this wise:
Therefore I will not assaile, I will him slay in plaine battaile.
When Beuis a while had sitten still, sir he said, will you heare my will,
I haue hither company brought, but in armour be they nought:
They might not armour leade, but it noyed them as they yeed.
And few horses with vs haue we, we left them for carrying beyond the sea.
Lend me horse and armour then, for to harnesse all my men:
And if you haue shipping to, that we may to the Ile goe,
This night will I liue or die, on him that is your enemy.
And thus within a little while, you shall heare a queint guile.
Sir Murdure did as he had, and the men with armour clad,
And ordained him shipping good, and brought them vnto the flood,

And forth they went all by night, till they came to the Ile of Wight.
Sabere out of the Castle lay, and heard much noyse and great array,
And saw a ship to land was dight, with many beasts and helmes bright,
And had wonder what they were: but Beuis displayed his Banner there,
For to make glad sir Sabere, of his father sir Guyes armere,
For many a time there before, were those Armes in battaile borne.
Sabere knew the Cognisance, and made then good semblance,
And said, certes I understand, that ponder is Beuis come now to land.
Sabere went thither all in hast, where the ship was made fast,
And welcomd Beuis with ioy and blisse, and eyther the other then did kisse,
And thanked God of his grace, that Beuis was come into that place.
Forth went Beuis and Sabere, with their men without feare.
Beuis told his Game there, how he deemed his Stepfather.
Beuis asked forthwith than, if that there were ever a man,
The which durst goe I wot, to South-hampton in a Boat,
And tell sir Murdure this night, that it was not a French Knight.
Neyther that he hight Gerrard, that made with him not forward:
But say, it was Beuis of Arundowne, right heire of South-hamptowne,
And say, the Countesse is my Dame, the diuel gine them both much shame,
And say, he will auenged be, for slaying of his father sir Guy.
And who so for me will doe this, shall be well regarded iwis.
Vp start a Knight with hold visage, which vndertake the message,
And armed him forthwith full hot, and went streight into a Boat.
When he came to the other side, into the Castle straight he did ride,
And found sir Murdure at his supper, with good semblant and merry cheare.
The Knight on his knees him set, and sir Murdure fairs then did he gret,
And said, Sir Murdure I doe bring vnto thee a certaine tiding,
That the Knight is not Gerrard, that to day with thee made forward;
He hight Beuis of South-hampton, he is thy Ladies owne sonne:
I heard him so to Sabere speake, his fathers death he will soone wreake,
And win he will his heritage, of them that hath done him outrage.
When sir Murdure heard that word, he cast his knife ouer the Board,
To haue smitten the messenger, but he failed as you may heare,
And smote his sonne on his breast, that he neuer after spake with Priest:
Then rose there a noyse and cry, the messenger then forth did flye,
And thought not good to dwell there long, but out he leapt in the throng,
And smote his horse with his spurres, when he was without the doores.
Faire and well he gan him dight, till he came to the Ile of Wight.

And told sir Beuis and sir Sabere, how Murdure sitting at supper,
His owne sonne for ire he slew, Beuis had good game when he it knew,
And gaue the messenger without grudging, fifty pound for his tiding.

How a Knight that hight *Miles*, came and wooed *Iosian* and wedded her against her will.

LEt vs of them be still than, and speake we now of Iosian,
That in Colaine dwelled still, where she had not all her will:
There dwelt a knight that hight Miles, in the land of Colain that wolde:
On Iosian his loue he cast, and wooed her wondrous fast.
But all his speech turned to nought, for nothing could change her thought.
The earle was wroth in his manner, for Iosian made him in great danger:
And in his anger he down him sat, and to Iosian he spake words gr eat:
I will haue of thee my will, whether it turne to good or ill.
Sir said Iosian the worst let be, I weed thee nought at all truely.

For if thou cause me to smart, I accye me in Ascapart.
Certainly, quoth Earle Mile, I shall him by some manner beguile.
When he saw he might not spede, by he rose and forth he yede:
He made a Letter to be written right, on this manner it was dight,
From Beuis, as a Letter would, that Ascapart come should
Unto a Castle in the Ile, lying from Coleyne but a mile.
When Ascapart heard that sond, he toke his Bat in his hand,
And went forth with the messenger, in great haste, till he came there.
When he was well within, the messenger knew a quaint gin,
Within he left Ascapart, and locked the gates to him hard:
He rowed himselfe to land againe, and told sir Mile of the traine.
Then had the Earle no dread, but to Iosian againe he yede:
And said, Lady make now mone, for Ascapart is from thee gone,
In a Castle within the Sea, fast locked sure is he.
Then was she full ill apaid, and to a messenger she said,
Goe then to thy this darke night, and passe forth to the Ile of Wight,
And bid sir Beuis for any thing, come to me without letting.
And he will have me in hint. I pray thee goe to him blithe:
I shall thy reward well pay, doe thy errand without delay.
The messenger went forth away, there was no more then to say,
And sir Mile sone after then, came into faire Iosian:
And first he would have spen her by. Sir she said have mercy,
For I have sworne by God truly, that no man shall lie me by,
Although therefore I lose my life, untill he wed me to be his wife:
If thou wilt me spouse and wed, thou shalt have me to thy bed.
Gladly my Lady then said he to morrow shall we wedded be:
He killed her anone as he dight, and sent both for Barons and Knight,
That should be of his company, at the wedding for to be:
For he would be wedded prully, the next morning very early.
On the morrow he forgot nought, but they to the Church were brought:
They early then began to wed, both to board and eke to bed.
When the wedding was all done, by that it was high none,
Earles and Barons were sone set, and rich meat was forth set.
there lacked nought certainly, of rich meat and minstrelsie,
When it grew toward night, a rich supper there was dight,
And afterward verament, as the Lady to chamber went,
Within her bed when as she was, the Earle came and did reioyce,
With Barons a great company, and pollets made with spicery,

When

When they had dronken wine: Sir, said Iosian, and loue mine,
Let no person here be, this night to heare our pryuitie,
Neither knight, maiden, nor swaine, my selfe shall be your chamberlaine.
He said lemman it shall be so, man and maide he had out goe:
He shut the doze well and fast, and set him downe at the last.
To haue a curtaine it was law, before the bed he did it drawe:
Then on a girdle without leesing, he made a knot riding:
About his necke he threw it thore, and strangled him without more:
Then on a beame he hanged him hie, and let him hang for his folly,
The night passed in that wise, the Barons gan for to arise,
Some on hunting, some to Church, and worthmen rose to goe to worke.
The halfe day passed without faile, the barons had of him much marualle,
Some said let him be still, of Iosian he hath his will.
After when it drew to none, a Baron spake then full sone:
I marualle how this may be, I will goe to the chamber and see
He smot the doze then so fast, that it open flew at last:
Arise he said Earle Mile, for thou hast slept a great while,
Thy head aketh I wot well, hast thou néed of a candle?
Nay, said she, I vndertake, his head shall neuer more ake:
I haue charmed him for that sore, that his head shall nere ake more:
For I haue vnknit the weeding, rounder you may see him hanging:
He shall neuer women spill, doe with me whatsoeuer you will.
All they made great sorrow: the next day on the morrow
She was iudged berament, in the fire for to be brent.
Without the was set stake, a great fire they did make:
In the Castle lay Ascapart, full heauy euer was his heart,
And had great wonder truely, what the fire should signifie:
He thought in his heart then, Iosian some woe was in,
In the Castle where he was locked, a turret he had all to broke:
He was so woe and wood, that he lept into the sea flood,
And fast by him it chanced, that a fisher came that tide:
Then Ascapart tooke his boat in hand, and rowed himselfe vnto the land,
Toward the folke he gan looke, Beuis came after and him ouertooke:
And said there where hast thou béene? where hast thou left my queen?
Sir Beuis Lord mercy he said, the Earle Mile hath me betrald.
Towards the fire they [illegible]d them blinne, the priest gan Iosian to shriue:
Shrifts blessing haue we among, for that he tarryed by her so long.
When the fire was all ready, in her smocke she stood there by.

Right as they should her haue,on Arundell *Beuis* gan ren,
And in his hand good Morglay,and Ascapart went another way:
And all they that about her found, *Beuis* feld to the ground,
There was neither knight nor swaine,that passed away vnslaine.
And that made the false Earle Mile, for his treason and his guile.
Beuis tooke with him than, both Ascapart and Iosian,
And went forth anone right, till he came to the Ile of Wight.
Sir *Sabere* welcommed with good heart, Beuis,Iosian,and Ascapart.

How sir *Beuis* and sir *Sabere* his came, sent their messengers far and wide, for men of armes, to succour them in that tide against sir *Murdure*, that held *Beuis* heritage by treason, that was imagined by the wicked woman his mother: and how in the field *Ascapart* bare *Murdure* and his horse,maugre of all the hoast, into the Castle,and how he was sodden to death in a Cauldron.

Sabere

SAbere and Beuis sent their sond, wide about into euery land,
After right great chiualrie, of Kalwoyth knights plentie,
That they might finde for them, both stout and hardy men,
They spared neither siluer nor gold, for the best men haue they would.
Beuis was courteous and free, to euery man in his degree.
There came Earles and Barons pwis, for to succour sir Beuis,
There came knights, squires, & pages, each one had of him good wages,
And rich gifts more and lesse, each man after his doughtinesse:
Therefore each man him sought: he take and left what he best thought,
Euer he chose of them the best, that he could finde East or West.
Sir Murdure much sorrow made he, when he saw Beuis had such a many,
The Countesse said, dread ye nought, of good counsaile I am bethought,
Ye shall send forthwith certaine, after the power of Almaine,
Also ye shall send your sond, after my father into Scotland,
He will come to you readily, with a full great company,
And we may haue many moe, out of England and Wales also,
Wherefore should you dread than, when you haue so many men?
If *Beuis* see you haue this rout, he will flie away for doubt.
Sir Murdure did by her counsaile, the messenger went without faile,
That afterward without lesing, to Hampon came Prince and King,
There came with the King of Scotland, the number of fiue thousand,
There came out of Almaine, with Sir Morys of Maine
Foure thousand with helmes bright, all well armed for to fight.
And sir Murdure had also, three thousand men and moe.
Now Lordings said sir Murdure, you that come me to succour,
Often ye haue heard speake parde, of the strife betwene Sabere and me,
And now to helpe him for to fight, is come *Beuis* a noble knight,
Euer I thought he had bene dead, what is therefore your best read?
He threatneth me for to be slaine, and that he will haue his land againe,
A Gyant with him he hath brought, an earthly man semeth he nought,
Neither of flesh nor yet of fell, for he is like the diuell of hell:
Men call him Ascapart throughout, wotim forsoth I haue great doubt,
But Lordings he said arme you well, both with iron and eke with steele,
Though Ascapart be stiffe and sterke, many hands make light worke,
When his hoast was armed and dight, they shipped to the ile of wight,
And all the ile was then besyed, with the power sir Murdure led,
Sir Sabere looked out at a towre, and saw the hoast of sir Murdure,
And all hastely downe did goe, for to tell sir *Beuis* so.

And said, Beuis now counsaile, I trow it would vs well auaile,
In this castle to hold vs still, and to defend vs from all ill.
For such an hoast as hath Murdure, saw I neuer in no stour,
Goe away Sabere said Beuis tho, for if they had as many moe,
Against vs they haue no might: they haue the wrong and we the right.
Arme you all Beuis gan cry, then they made hast ready.
And ye shall haue sir Sabere, three thousand vnder your banner,
And I as many will leade, of doubty men good at neede,
For I will haue the fore-ward, and then he said to Ascapart,
Thou shalt stay here truely, with three thousand men hardy.
When we haue medled a stound, and each brought other to ground,
And that the stour is most strong, hie thee thither and stay not long,
For three thousand of fresh men, good helpe will doe vs then.
Beuis then his horne did blow, that all his men might him know,
By that blowing sir Murdure, knew they gathered to the stour.
He said, Lordings without faile now commeth our foe to battaile,
Be ye hardy and stout also, for we be as many moe.
Two battailes did they make, the King of Scotland did one take,
Sir Murdure the other lad, either of them ten thousand had.
The first that out of the Castle came out, was sir Beuis with his rout,
And Sabere with his company came after full bouldy,
Either hoast gan other dresse, and euery man made him ready.
Sir Moris of Mayne, rode fast sir Sabere against,
And Sabere met him so I wis, and such a stroke he gaue sir Moris,
That quite away gan he cleane, from the shoulder arme and sleeue.
Before the preasse went sir Beuis, on euery side he flew wis,
There might none with him stand: that saw the King of Scotland,
He prested in with his rout, and beset Beuis round about,
Beuis then would not stay, but made reame with good Morglay,
He would by no meanes stint so, till he come the King vnto.
And such a stroke he him sent, that horse and man to ground went,
But such succour came to him tho, at that time sir Beuis did not him sloe.
But ere that he was horsed against, many men Beuis had slaine.
Forth prested Beuis in the throng, on euery side downe he slong:
He neuer stinted in that stour, till he came to sir Murdure.
Traitor he said with great anger, turne thee now I thee bede.
When Murdure saw he was bested, he turned his back & would haue fled,
And Beuis smote after with good Morglay, but missed him there, wel away

From

From his backe the stroke fell downe, and hit vpon the saddle croppe,
And smote asunder to the groune, horse and saddle both in that stound:
But there came hastily succour, and horsed againe sir Murdure.
Full stoutly then did he abide, the people died on euery side.
Beuis rode forth and Arundell on euery side he did them fell:
Some lay bleeding as a swine, and some begin then to pine.
He some their bilages did pare, that men might see their faith bare,
There went none vnmarkt away, that he might hit with weapon:
For so grieued was he, where he had one they had three.
But Beuis and Sabere bare them so, against one he slew two.
When the throng was thus smart, then forth came Ascapare,
All on sorte I you sware, for there might no horse him beare:
He toke his staffe into his hand, and slew all that were he fand.
When Ascapart came with his rout, then did sir Murdure great doubt:
For he brought with him then three thousand fresh men,
And laid on on euery side, and slew all that would abide.
Great pitty men might haue seene, of the murther that there had beene.
Fearefull they were of Ascapart, for he smote so sore and hard,
That three thousand they might see, slye and drowne them in the sea.
Beuis called Ascapart him till, and said fellow heare my skill,
Loke that you take good hede, to him that rideth on the white steed,
And beare him aliue into the tower, for that same is Murdure.
Yes said Ascapart tho, we shall driue him ere we goe,
Ascapart with his staffe, many their deaths did he giue:
With great strength and much paine, he came to sir Murdure of Albaine
And all on horse as he sate there, vnder his arme he gan him beare,
Then began Murdures men to hye, to rescue him he should not die,
The king of Scotland with his rout, beset Ascapart round about.
And then sir Beuis and sir Sabere, came thither with their power,
And slew all that would stand, to the number of one thousand,
And maugre if they had swoone, Murdure was to the Castle borne.
The king of Scotland then did feet, when he saw Murdure to the castle set,
And all his men downe smitten he turned his backe to haue slyen:
Then they would no longer abide, but slew them downe on euery side,
Sir Beuis and sir Sabere chased them with their power,
So fast followed they, that many fled into the sea,
And they that stood them againe, they were all maimed and slaine:
Some their shankes by the knee, and some were parted into three:

Some

Some their noſe, and some their lip: the King of Scotland had a ſhip,
And fled away ſoone by the weſt, to the place that liked him beſt.
Beuis and Sabere turned againe, into the Caſtle glad and faine:
Sir Beuis without any let, made a cauldron on fire be ſet,
Full of pitch and brimſtone, a worſe death was never none:
When the cauldron-boiled hard, Murdure was caſt into the midward,
That death dyed he truely, for the death of good Sir Guy.
Thereof heard the Counteſſe, that Sir Murdure dead was:
She ſtood aboue in a tower, ſo woe ſhe was for Sir Murdure,
She lept downe & brake her neck, I beſhrow them that doe it wrecke.
When Sir Beuis the tiding heard, of his mother how ſhe fared.
As ſorry was he for her, as he was for his ſtepfather.
Soone after good Sir Beuis, come to South-hampton is,
To take poſſeſſion of his lands, that had bene long out of his hands:
The Burgeſſes with much pryde, to meete Sir Beuis forth gan ride,
And brought Sir Beuis faire and well, to Hampton to his owne caſtle.
Of Hampton all the Baronage, come and did Beuis homage.
Then was Beuis glad and faine, that he had his enemies ſlaine.
Then Beuis the ſooth to ſaine, ſent to the Biſhop of Coleyne.
That he would not for any thing, but haue him at his wedding.
When he was thither come, two knights tooke Ioſian anone,
To Church then they her led, the Biſhop himſelfe on the booke read.
And vnto Beuis ſhe was wedded blithe, vnto the ending of their life.
Now hath Beuis recouered his ſtate, two children on her he gat,
The firſt night together they lay: afterward I to you ſay
Sabere counſailed him there, to goe to London to King Edgare,
To make him homage as reaſon would, for his lands he challenge & hold,
Sir Beuis did after his counſailing, and went forth before the King.
And proffered to doe him homage, as it pertained to his heritage.
King Edgare aſked what he hight, and what he claimed for his right,
Sir he ſaid my name is Beuis, the Eſtridome of South-hampton mine is,
After my father Sir Guy, that was ſlaine for his Lady,
By Sir Murdure of Almaine, and thanked be God he is ſlaine.
Beuis ſaid the King I hold me paid, I grant that thou now haſt ſaid,
The King his Marſhall called he hand, and ſaid deliuer me thy wand:
For Guy his father was my Marſhall, and Sir Beuis his ſonne ſo be ſhall,
The wand to Beuis the King taketh, and his Marſhall, him maketh.
Beuis is now of great might, beloued both of King and Knight:

Each man both Earle and Baron, loued and dread Beuis of Hampton,
For largely would he spend, and gifts both giue and send.
To euery man after his estate, no man had cause him to hate.
He was so courteous and so kinde, that euery man was his friend.
Saue sir Brian of Cornewale, he hated Beuis without faile.
For Beuis had those offices, that sometimes were his.
In summer at Whitsun tide, when knights on horsebacke ride,
A course they made vpon a day, steedes and palfraies to assay.
Which horse that best did runne, three mile the course was then;
He that best ride could, should haue forty pound of gould.
Sir Beuis was apaied well, for he trusted in Arundell.
On the morrow when it was light, thither came both baron and knight,
With faire steedes and much pride, that in that course would ride.
Two knights were stolen before a large halfe mile and more.
That none of their fellowes wote, Beuis with his spurs smote
On Arundell so saith the booke, and amid the way he them ouertooke
He rode the course in a while, or they had thought he had rid two mile.
Now hath Beuis the price won, through Arundell that well did run.
Wherefore with that and other cattell, he made the castle of Arundell,
The horse was praised in that place, for both swift and lusty he was.
The Kings sonne and heire, thought the horse good and faire.
And to Beuis then he hied, and prayed him to haue his steede.
No said Beuis for no gold, but aske else what you would,
At your will you shall it haue, but Arundell doe you not craue.
For any prayer you can pray, my steede I will not giue away.
The Kings sonne when he it saw, that his minde he could not draw.
Without any more table, he went vnto sir Beuis table,
He went the horse to vntie, but when he came somewhat nie,
And Arundell also was hot, with his hinder foot him he smote.
That he drew out his braine, that he lay dead slaine.
There was dole and much weping, when tidings came to the King.
Forthwith the King vncurnent, made to be cald his Parliament.
And began for to ordaine, that sir Beuis should be slaine.
And he drawen with wild beasts, his Barons would not his hestes,
They said that were no skill, but Arundell should haue his will,
For he slew the sonne so, but naught to Beuis may we doe.
Nay sayd Beuis for no Castle, would I yet slay Arundell.
For he is good euery where, yet had I rather the land forsweare.

Then ſir Brian of Cornwall ſaid, this is my counſell and reade,
That ye doe one of the two: I aſſent, ſaid Beuis tho.
Before you all I gine here, my heritage to ſir Sabere.
Sir Beuis deliuered vp the Wand, and there he forſwore England.
A fortnight had he reſpite, for to ſpend all in delight:
But if he after might be found, he ſhould be taken and faſt bound.
On this manner they were at one, and to Hampton he rode anone,
And there he told his friends thore, of the caſe both leſſe and more.
It is no bot for vs to mourne, for we may no longer here ſoiourne.
Beuis and Ioſian made all ready, and tooke their leaue for to ferry.
Saberes ſonne, that hight Terry, Beuis tooke with him for company,
And Aſcapart that falſe theefe, and through him he had much griefe.
He thought here I doe dwell, and get nothing but trauaile:
But if I might by Termagant, bring Ioſian to Mambrant,
I ſhould be welcome the King vntill, and haue treaſure at my will.
Thus Aſcapart falſe was he, for Beuis was fallen into pouertie.
When a man doth into pouertie fall, few friends meeteth he withall.

How *Beuis* and faire *Ioſian* tooke their way into a ſtrange Land, and how ſhee trauailed in a Forreſt, and was deliuered of two children: and how *Aſcapart* that falſe fellon, after her deliuerance, came and bare her away: and after that, how *Beuis* came to a great Iuſting and Turnament, and wonne the Prize.

NOw Beuis and Iosian forth gan ride, till they came to a Forrest side,
And Iosian that was so mild, in that Wood trauailed with child:
Beuis and Terry downe gan light, & with their swords a Lodge they bight,
And brought faire Iosian therein, for they could no better ginne.
Sir Beuis gan his seruice proffer, for to helpe her he did offer:
She thanked him, and said nay, for Gods loue hence away,
Goe and play you with Terry, and let me alone and our Lady,
There shall neuer womans priuitie, to man be shewed for me.
Beuis and Terry went forth there, for they would not her paine heare,
And Ascapart toke another way, not farre off he meant to stay.
After that Beuis was gone herfro, she was deliuered of children two:
When Ascapart heard that case, that Iosian deliuered was,
To the Lodge he went there, and Iosian away did beare:
There might no prayers her borrow, I wonder she died not with sorrow,
For he swore by Termagant, he would leaue her to Mambrant.
When Beuis had long tarryed, againe to the Lodge he him hyed,
In the Lodge found he no moe, but onely young children two:
Then wist he not what to say, when he saw Iosian was away.
Alas then said sir Beuis, Ascapart hath done treason pwis.
Sir Beuis fell downe in a trance, and sir Terry did him vphance.
When Beuis saw no better it would be, a rich Mantle then toke he,
And lapped the two children in, for they were some deale of his kin,
No longer then would he abide, he toke his children and forth did ride.
A Foster in the Wood he met, sir Beuis him saluted and did him greet:
Sir, said Beuis to him than, Sawest thou ought of such a man
Lead a woman by any way? Sir, said the Foster, nay.
Of what profession art thou, batcheler? Sir, said he, I am a Foster.
Wilt thou, said Beuis, for Christ thee shield, christen here a Heathen Child?
But right now it was borne, for sone it hath the mother forlorne;
And kepe it but this seuen yere, for ten Marke: haue it here.
Gladly said the Foster tho: he toke the Child and the Siluer also,
And said, what shall I call him, sir Knight? Guy he said, as my father hight:
And when it is full seuen yere, of each Land doe thou enquire,
After Beuis of Hamptowne, my name is so by my crowne,
And bring the Child vnto me, and well rewarded shalt thou be.
Gladly sir he said pwis: he went his way, and Beuis his.
Forth they rode, saith the Booke, and another man they ouertoke,
And asked what man was he? he said, a Fisher of the Sea:

And Beuis with good semblant, made with him the same covenant,
That he should on this manner, his other sonne kepe for seuen yeare.
The Fisher granted as Beuis said, he toke the Child and was well apaid.
After himselfe in that while, he christened the Child and highte it Mile.
Forth rode Beuis by dale and downe, till he came to a Market Towne,
He toke his Inne as a courteous knight, and sat to supper he him dight.
At a windowe Beuis looked out, he saw in the streets all about,
Stands trapped faire and bright, Dukes, Earles, and many a knight.
Out of the windowes on every side, armes were hanged faire and wide,
Heralds gan the armes sone descry, and thereof Beuis marueiled greatly,
And asked the Host thereof tiding: Sir he said, heard ye nothing
Of the great Iusting that shall be, to morrow in this Citie?
The Dukes daughter and his heire, she is a Maiden bright and faire,
Her father is now neere dead, therefore it is given her to reade,
A great Iusting for to trie, and he that hath the masterie,
Shall this Maid haue to wed, and this Land to guide and lead.
Now said Beuis to Terry, shall we iust for the Lady?
Yes, said Terry, what should we else, if it be so as he vs tels.
Beuis gaue the man for his tiding, forthwith a faire shilling.
On the morrow when it was day light, then rose both Baron & knight,
Faire tokens they gan on the throw, whereby the Lady should the know.
Sir Beuis bare in colours of Paint, a red Lyon of Gold rampant,
So forth rode Terry and he, to the Iusting where it should be.
The faire Lady Elinor, ouer the Castle lay that houre,
And the Iusting she beheld, to see who did best in field.
Then the knights began to ride, each to other on every side,
And Beuis rode first againe, the Emperours sonne of Almaine:
To him Beuis bare so fast, that horse and man to ground he cast.
The Earle of Florence stoutly than, against Beuis in hast ran,
And Beuis met him in the field, and hit him amid the shield,
That two yards broad and more, he cast him from his horse thore.
Then came forth Duke Anthony, who was Duke of Burgony,
He was strong and of great price, and thus he said to sir Beuis:
Turne thee here and make defence, I will auenge the Earle Florence.
Then Beuis would no longer abide, but smote Arundel vnder the side.
Each to other then so drone, that their speares all to rone,
But sir Beuis so hard him thrust, that his shoulder bone he burst,
Therefore he was grieued sore, for that he might iust no more.

And

And then rode forth sir Terry, to the kings brother of Hungarie,
And gaue him such a rebolwne, that horse and men fell dolwne.
Then came the Earle Hamant, and to Terry made his assent,
Terry hit him amidst the shield, and bare him quite into the field,
There was no knight verily, that might iust with Beuis and Terry,
Full warily the other sought, but sir Beuis spared them nought.
The Steward of that Land, sir Beuis cast on the sand,
And that reioyced faire Elinor, for the boast he made before:
And many Beuis bare throughout, so that they stood in great doubt.
They stinted not till it was night, that they wanted the day light.
Then they ceased their Tilting. On the morrow they heard tiding,
That all the prayse and renolwne, was giuen to Beuis of Hamptolwne.
Dame Elinor would not blin, till Beuis came the Court within:
She said, sir by my counsaile, you shall me wed without faile,
Each to other for tearme of life: nay, said Beuis, I haue a Wife.
He told how she was taken alway, through treason I you say,
And for her he was full woe. Now she said, sith it is so,
You shall all this seuen yeare, be my Lord in cleane manner,
And if you finde her not by than, I will thee haue before any man:
And the next to thee truly, is this good knight sir Terry,
And if this may stand thee in stead: I grant, said Beuis, to this deed,
And thus was he her gouernour, and led the Land in great honour.
As Sabere slept in his bed, he dreamed that Beuis was ill-be-sted,
Through Ascapart his swaine, fearing he had sir Beuis slaine:
When he awaked his heart was cold, his dreame to his Wife he told.
Sir she said, as I weene, Beuis is brought into some teene,
For as I trow by my life, he hath lost either Child or Wife,
Through Ascapart that false theefe, surely Beuis is in some grieke.
I shall him seeke, said Sabere. Twelue knights he did attire,
In Palmers Weedes then anone, they were clothed euery one,
Upon armour sure and well, made of Iron and of Steele.
Forth they went more and lesse, till they came to Heathenesse.
When Iosian was nigh Mambrant, she then began to lament:
She met Sabere in the visage, and said, Palmer in her language,
I pray thee of succour and reade, vnlesse you helpe I am but dead.
Certes Iosian, said Sabere, it liketh me well that you be here,
For of you Madame verament, I shall make Beuis a present.

He was agrieued at Aſcapart, and aſſayled him full hard.
They him beſet on euery ſide, but none could his dints abide,
From his ſtrokes they all flon, and againe as Knights anone
They ſtroke ſharpe and ſore, ſometimes here and ſometimes there:
And as he ſmote after a Knight, Sabere ran at him full right,
And with his ſword without doubt, he ſlaught Aſcapart throughout,
That he fell dead to the ground: glad was Ioſian in that ſtound.
Sir Sabere toke Ioſian than, that was as white as any Swan,
Her body that was faire and bright, he with an oyntment all bedight,
And made her yellow and greene, that before was faire and cheene:
That no man ſhould her know, therefore he diſcoloured her ſo.
For ſir Beuis they then ſought, but tidings of him heard they nought.
That will be found, found will be: On a day they came into the Citie,
And led Ioſian to her Inne, and he went forth ſome meat to winne.
As Sabere went by the Caſtle gate, he met his ſonne Terry thereat,
He prayed him in the honor of God, that he would giue him ſome gud.
Terry then beheld him as bliue, and ſaid, Palmer as I may thriue,
There ſhall no meate for thee be ſo deare, thou art like my father Sabere.
Sabere, ſaid he, by Gods grace, ſo by my mother called I was.
When Terry ſaw that it was he, he embraced him with heart free,
And kiſſed him, and aſked father, what hath made you come hither?
Sabere ſaid, ſonne thou ſhalt ſe, what thing I haue brought with me.
Forth they went without feare, till they came to the Inne of Sabere,
Then Sabere with gud intent, all Ioſian waſhed the oyntment.
Faire and well they her dight, and brought her to the Caſtle right,
And toke her then to Beuis hand, there was not ſo welcom a preſent in the land,
There came the Fiſher and the Foſter, with two children cleare,
For they held Beuis couenant right, and he made each of them a Knight:
And then wedded gud ſir Terry, of that land to the faire Lady.
There was a great Feaſt ywis, on euery ſide was ioy and bliſſe.

HEre beginneth a new tiding, of King Iour and Ermine King:
Betweene them they battaile make, and all was for Ioſians ſake.
A Palmer told Beuis thereof tiding: and ſir Beuis all hying,
Went after men of Chiualrie, doughtie Knights, and full hardie,
That he had knowne long before, and all they to him ſwore.
When Beuis had gathered his companie, he toke his leaue of ſir Terry,
And Terry proffered with him to goe, but Beuis ſaid it ſhould not be ſo.

Sabere

Sabere thy father shall wend with me: if I haue need, I will send for thee.
Guy and Miles to horse gan dight, with stalworth swords for to fight,
And Beuis with all his company, went forth to Armony.
Of his comming the King was blith, and reioyced an hundreth sith,
And said, if thou wilt forgiue me, I will be christened for loue of thee.
On that couenant he gaue a bille, that they might be accorded ywis.
Then without any other wame, Beuis sent to the Bishop of Rome,
That he should send a Clarke good, Sabere them bishopped or he rode,
That they might with cleare Clergie, christen the Land of Armonie,
For the Kings grant they had: the Bishop it heard, and he was glad,
And hath sent after his Saw, Clarkes that were wise in the Law.
They christened Ermine with their hand, & then all the people of the Land,
In many a place Beuis gan worth, Chappels, and built many a Church.
So was the Land of Armony, through Beuis christened truely.
King Iour heard of this tand, that Beuis was come into the Land,
A great Hoast made he tho, twentie thousand Saracins and moe,
And to Armony went he then, and there began to rob and bren.
When Beuis heard that he was come, a great Hoast he prouided anone,
And rode King Iour againe, with all his power, might, and maine.
It was a faire sight for them that beheld, when both parties met in ỹ field.
The field shone wondrous light, with basteneis that were bright,
But sone after they were other, when both the Hoasts fought together.
On both parts the Romanes sayes, they that arrowes with bow turbayes,
With halberts and bills they did fight, as long as eyther stand might,
And arrowes were there so plenty, one Hoast could hardly another se.
With swords bright that well could bite, each man gan other smite,
While they handled both the same, there was earnest and no game,
And Beuis with Morglay stirred so, that all he hit he smote in two.
The Saracins gan Beuis to defie, and came thicke about him readily,
Therewith he was well apayd, and as they came he downe them layd:
So many he slew in that fight, that to his stirrop they lap vpright.
He rode forth when he them left, and there he slew as many eft.
Sabere his Dame, though he was old, he shewed he was strong and bold,
He slew before him ten and twelue, till he came to the King himselfe,
And then maugre of Mahound, he bare the King downe to the ground.
The Saracins followed on a heape, to King Iour gan they leape,
And with force horled him againe, and all at once on Sabere they laine.
Beuis saw Sabere was in doubt, he pressed forth among the rout,

And reſcued him in that ſtour, and himſelfe rode to King Iour.
And led him forth all with force, then betwke ſir Sabere his horſe.
Into the towne they did him bring, and preſented Iour vnto the King.
Sabere led him on full quicke, the Saracins followed full thicke,
But ſuch ſtrokes gaue Beuis, that King Iour away led is.
For any thing they might doe, and when they ſaw it was ſo.
They would no longer there abide, Beuis and his men did after ride.
And made on them ſo hard a chaſe, that two thouſand ſlaine there was,
Many a dead Knight in that field, were ſeene dead vnder their ſhield.
And many a Saracin that day, with deaths wound went away:
Many ſteeds men might ſee, without maiſters away flie,
And Saracins men might heare, curſe Mahound they had ſuch feare,
When they had made that chaſe, they returned with great ſolace.
And ſir Beuis right anone, made caſt king Iour into priſon.
Then King Iour, Beuis praid, that his ranſome might be paid.
And for a ranſome giue he would, twenty tunnes of red gold,
And three hundred bales of ſilke, as many ſteeds as white as milke.
Alſo three hundred cups of golde fine, and as many of Muſculine,
All this ranſome I ſhall thee giue, if thou now will let me liue.
Let thy ſeruant ſaid Beuis it bring, and I will ſaue thy life ſir King.
For ſo much I dread not thee, but for this treaſure thou ſhalt goe free.
Then was king Iour full faine, and ſent to him chamberlaine.
And he brought it without delay, and for his king he did it pay.

OF King Iour let vvee be, and of King Ermine ſpeake vve,
That ſhould paſſe out of his life, and ſent after his ſonne blithe:
For Guy ſir Beuis eldeſt ſonne, vpon his head he ſet the crowne.
And made him king of Armony, and ſoone after full worthily,
Dyed king Ermine the beſt, in heauen might his ſoule reſt,
Vnto ſir Beuis came Sabere, and take his leaue home to fare.
To England would he get blithe, to his children and his wife.
Beuis bad him tarry parament, Sabere would not but home went.
Now is king Iour in Pambrant, and doth ſweare by Termagant,
That he would him well aduance, that might by any chance,
Steale Arundell with ſome treaſon, from ſir Beuis of South-hampton,
For if vve Arundell could ſteale, I trow men might with Beuis deale.
There was a theefe hight Robyan, a queint knaue and falſe felon.
He take on him the maſtery, and went forth to Armony.

With his charmes and his craft, of Arundell Beuis he bereft,
And brought him into the towet, and presented him to King Iour.
Then was he well apaid, that Beuis was thus betraide.
Woe was Beuis soth to say, when he misted Arundell away.
As Sabere slept at night tide, he thought he saw Beuis ride,
And Arundell downe him cast, that two of his ribs were brast:
When he awaked he was afraid, vnto his wife the dreame he said.
Sir, said she, ye do wrong, ye dwell from Beuis all too long:
By him that was of Mary borne, I trow his horse he hath forlorne.
Then Sabere for Beuis sake, staffe and scrip began to take:
He went forth with good semblant, vntill he came to Pambrant,
Thither he went for to spie, and left the land of Armony.
Sir Sabere came by the riuer, where men vid beasts water,
Where saw as he abode, on Arundell how Robion rode:
Sabere said by my thinking, true is now my dreaming:
Fellow he said, heare thou my rede, that same is a faire stede,
He is well dressed without doubt, good fellow turne thee about.
And as he turned there, vp behinde leapt sir Sabere,
And slew the theefe Robion, with the end of his truncheon.
He would no longer there abide, the Saracins forth ran that tide,
And to the King they did tell, how one had gotten Arundell.
Then rose the cry in the Citie, that men should after him hie:
They rode after fast in band, to the number of a thousand,
And full narrowly him beset. Iosian stood in a turret,
All the skirmish behold the well, and one riding on Arundel:
Vnto the hall the hyed downe, and said, sir without the townes
Commeth one riding on your stede, and surely he is in great dread,
He is beset without doubt, with men of armes a great rout.
Iesus, said Beuis, a while him saue, and succour shall he soone haue.
Then to horse went sir Guy, his brother Miles and sir Terry,
And eke sir Beuis hyed he, with all the knights of the Citie:
He hyed him fast in that stour, and brought Sabere good succour,
And slew the Saracins downe right, that none fro them scape might.
God game there was to be seene, how they lay sprawling on the greene.

TIdings came to King Iour, that his men were slaine in that stour:
He made to send hastily, after his brother King of Sautry,
And told him how his men were dead, and all his counsel and rede.

I ſhall the tell quoth Bradwin, thou art holden a noble Saraſin,
In Pary or in heathenelle, is none to the for bought inelle:
Therefore I counſell you ſo, the end the battaile betweene you two.
And make ready thy ſacrifice, and make ſacrifice to Mahound,
That he may ſend the the vpper hand: and then as I well vnderſtand,
Thou wilt a conqueror be, and we will wend all with the,
And ſtand with the we will the while, and help the in all thy perill.
Now ſaid Iour I aſſent: and then ſpedily forth they went,
And made Mahound ſacrifice, with all the Saraſins that were wiſe:
And they prayed without miſſe, their king might be ſaued from Beuis.
When the king had ſo done, to armes him he went full ſone:
And went forth to Armony, with three thouſand men right hardy.
Sone had Beuis tidings then, of king Iour and his men:
He toke with him his ſonnes two, Sabere and Terry, and other moe,
And rode king Iour againe: when Iour ſaw Beuis, he was faine,
And ſaid, Beuis I vnderſtand, wherefore ye came into this land:
Firſt ye bereft my men of life, after deceiued me of my wife.
Therefore I haue taken counſayle, betweene vs two to end the battaile:
If thou me ſlay, by Termagant, I grant to the the land of Hambrant,
And if I ſlay the manfully, wilt thou grant me the land of Armony?
Beuis granted as he would, and vndertoke the battayle bold.
Into a place they then gan ride, incloſed with water on euery ſide:
They drew their ſwords haſtily, and rode together with great enuie.
Their ſhields were bruſed that they bare, their helms craſed, their browes (tare,
Then they fought another way, and Beuis hit Iour with Morglay.
That his helme he did downe pare, there men might ſee his head bare,
And a quarter of his ſhield, fell downe alſo into the feld:
Horſe and man he downe gan driue, and both fell to the ground that bliue.
Vp leapt king Iour and ſtood, and cryed on Mahound as he were wood,
And ſmote at Beuis with his fachon: then Beuis off Arundel lighted down,
And right as Beuis was downe lighting, Iour him ſmote without leaſing,
Aboue ſir Beuis helme on hye, that the creſt downe did lye,
And bruſed the helme in ſunder: ſir Beuis kneeled, and that was wonder.
Sir Beuis then was grieued ſore, vp he leapt without any more,
And gaue king Iour ſuch a clout, that he never roſe without doubt.
The Saraſins were woe that ſtound, when they ſaw their king on ground,
That he could neither riſe nor go, therefore they were ful ſory and woe:
The other people would haue fled, Guy and Miles in that ſted,

Slew

Slew them more and lesse, or they might the water passe:
And some they drencht in the flood, there was few quicke away pwd.
Sir Beuis then with policie, toke King Iours Armorie,
And made them it on him throw, that no man might from Iour him know.
A greater power with him went, then came from the Citie of Mambrant,
When they within the Tower, saw the comming of King Iour,
All they were glad and faine, and opened the gates againe,
And Beuis into the Citie gan ride, with great ioy and much pride;
And through that quaint gin, that rich Citie he did win,
And made them all become his men, and did him homage then:
And then curled their Mawmetry, and beleeued in God verily,
And he that would not doe so, immediately he did him sloe.

NOw is Beuis King of that land, that sometime King Iour had in hand:
Iosian that was bright and cleene, twice thereof hath beene Quene.
Beuis and Sabere vpon a day, with Hawkes and Hounds went to play:
As they came by a Riuer, soone they spyed a Messenger;
He asked them after a Knight, that sir Sabere was by right:
Anone sir Sabere gan forth spring, and said, Messenger what tiding?
Sir he said, Edgare our King, through his Stewards counselling,
He hath dis-inherited thine heire: Certes, said Sabere, that is not faire.
He rode to Beuis, and told him so, and asked him leaue for to goe.
Beuis said vnto sir Sabere, I will also goe with you thither,
With Iosian, Miles, and sir Guy, and thy sonne sir Terry.
Thereof was sir Sabere glad, for great power with him he had.
And so went forth to England, with men of armes two thousand,
And sayled to South-hampton, with many Knights of renowne.
Saberes wife, and Robert his heire, welcommed them all full faire,
And gaue them to vnderstand, how all sir Saberes land
The King arrested without faile, through sir Brians counsaile:
He sayth he may take them away, for Arundel his sonne did slay.
Then said Beuis, as I am aline, we will hie thither blime.
Beuis rode forth with little boast, at Putneth he left his hoast,
It is from London miles three, where he left his companie,
And rode himselfe to London, saue twelue Knights all alone.
Then he went to King Edgare, and asked him in what manner
He had dis-inherited sir Sabere, and his sonne that was his heire:
I deliuered him mine Heritage, here before your Baronage.

The King ſaid to him right ſone, ſir Beuis, if ought be miſ-done,
It ſhall be amended in a Parliament, with Earles and Barons aſſent.
All the Lords that were there, to ſir Beuis made good theare,
Saue ſir Brian, a ſwie him befall, he was the moſt foe of them all.
Sir, ſaid Brian to the King, Is not this a wondrous thing,
That this fore-baniſhed Swaine, is come into England againe?
We ought him to hang and draw, as a Traytor againſt the Law.
The King would pardon ſir Beuis, but the Steward againſt it is.
Beuis was both wroth and wood, yet anſwered neyther ill nor good,
He toke his lodging in the towne, and to his meat did ſit him downe.
Then ſir Brian forth went he, and made a cry through the Citie,
All thoſe that armes might beare, and fight with ſhield or ſpeare,
That they ſhould arme them anone, to auenge the Kings ſonne.
Then were the gates lockt, windowes and doores faſt ſtopt,
Chaynes drawne in euery ſtreet, to let ſir Beuis you may weet.
When Beuis heard that treaſon, vp he leapt like a Lyon,
Full ſone he armed him tho, and bad his men for to goe
Vnto Potnerb ſome priuie way, and to my ſonnes doe you ſay,
That they hye them hither blithe, if they will haue me on liue:
For while I fight here without, you may goe bold of doubt.
Beuis leapt on Arundell, he had no longer time to dwell.
The firſt he met without faile, was ſir Brian of Cornewaile,
He had with him a great rout, and beſet Beuis round about:
And then ſir Beuis ſaid to Brian, Turne thee now as thou art a man,
Thou art an old Knight of Warre: Brian to him bare a ſpeare,
So hard it to Beuis he droue, that his ſhield he all to roue.
Then he chafed when he beheld, how the Steward broke his ſhield:
Now ſaid Beuis will I ſmite, and begin that deede to quite.
He ſmote Arundell vnder the ſide, and with Morglay in that tide,
He hit ſir Brian on the crowne, and to the ſaddle cloue him downe.
Beuis ſtirred him in that ſtound, two hundred men he caſt to ground.
He rode forth to Broad-ſtreet, many Lumbards did he meet,
They aſſayled Beuis wondrous faſt, on euery ſide he downe them caſt.
Beuis had beene in many a Land, and many battailes had in hand,
Yet was he neuer ſo woe a man, in any battaile as he was than.
But he defended himſelfe full well, and many of them he did fell;
On euery ſide downe them he caſt, and did ride among them faſt,
Till he came to the Gate, where he found them on a heape.

Then

Then againe began the fight, betweene the Citie and the Knight.
Beuis said with milde mood, to the folke that there stood,
I rede that ye vnlocke the Gate, and that you let me out thereat,
For if I die here within, little credit shall you win.
All against him did they crye, Said the Beuis, or thou shalt dye.
Beuis fought till he was wood, and bathed Morglay in their blood,
Sixe hundred men he cast to ground, and had neyther wen nor wound,
But much sweat aff that man, through heat of his body came.
When it drew towards night, the people were still ready to fight,
Then began Arundell his Steed, to helpe his master at his need,
By twentie feet on each side, durst no man that horse abide.
So long lasted then that fight, that it was well-nigh darke night.
Sir Beuis Knights had good passage, and to Putneth brought the message,
Sir Beuis sons should hie them blithe, if they would haue their father on liue.
When Iosian heard them speake of Beuis, in a swone she fell ywis,
Sir Miles her sonne, and sir Guy, toke her vp presently.
Sonnes (she said) what is your rede? for certes your father is dead,
The best rede that I can, is to slay every man.
Nay, said Miles, we will not doe so, but to our father we will goe,
And bring him good succour, if he be liuing in that stour,
And then if he slaine be, we will be auenged truely,
We will destroy all that [illegible]: soone they were all readie.
Sir Guy bestrid Arum bright, he was not beaute, but full light,
And a noble sword gan he take, that was sir Lancelots du Lake,
Sir Beuis with his owne hand, wan it in the Holy Land.
Miles had Arundell I vnderstand, that sometimes ought Rowland,
The horse was as swift as any Swallow, there might no horse him follow.
Boates toke they that Tide, and ouer the Thames gan ride,
And brought with them to the Citie, a thousand knights able and free.
They came to the Waters side, with much ioy and great pride.
At Ludgate they began arriue, where they found Beuis alone:
Certes Lordings I to you say, by that sprang the light of the day.
Beuis was so wearie in that fight, that he could not sit vpright.
There dwelt a Lumbard in the towne, a doughty man of great renowne,
And he gathered a great host, and rode forth with great boast,
And in his hand a good fauchowne, that was made of Steele browne,
And forth he pricked to sir Beuis, and said, wilt thou aske no treuis?
And than anone with his fauchowne, he hit sir Beuis vpon the crowne.

Beuis for faintneſſe layd him low, and leaned him vpon his ſaddle bow.
That ſaw Beuis his ſonne, ſir Guy, and gan pricke with great envy,
With his ſword drawne in his hand, and to the Lombart ſent his ſand;
So hard on his head he it ſet, that through Helme and Burgonet,
Pan and hozſe in that ſtound, he ſmote aſunder to the ground:
The point on the pauement gent, that the fire out-went.
At that ſtroke ſir Beuis lought, for it comfort to him brought,
He thanked God omnipotent, that him helpe from heauen ſent.
Arundell for loy neighed right, and helped Beuis for to fight.
Sir Beuis turned in that whiles, and ſaw his other ſonne ſir Miles
Come pricking with a great rout, of armed men him about:
He neuer needed to ſeeke Leech, that ſir Miles might ouer-reach,
Yen might heare Crownes cracke, when Beuis gan to ſtrike.
So hard they gan together met, that the blood ran in euery ſtrét:
So many men were dead, that Cheape-ſide was of blood red,
For there were ſlaine as I vnderſtand, to the number of two thouſand,
Through the falſe Stewards read, and yet he was firſt dead.
It is true without leaſing, of falſehod commeth no good ending.
In euery ſtrét men might ſée men in great paine to die,
Heads pared cloſe by the eyes, ſhankes cut off by the thighes,
Hands and armes both cut off, heads and helmets tumbling aloft,
Dead bodies quartered into three, that it was great pitie to ſée.
When Beuis his enemies had deſtroyed, vnto Putneth he him hyed.
Ioſian was neuer ſo faine, as when ſhe ſaw Beuis againe.
Beuis toke Ioſian full ſone, and to South-hampton came anone,
There he thought without faile, to abide the king battaile.

How the King tooke truce with *Beuis*, and wedded his daughter to *Miles*, and made him Lord of *Cornewall*, that which longed to ſir *Brian* the Steward, whom *Beuis* ſlew in the Citie of *London*.

Tidings

TIdings came to King Edgare, of the fighting that was there.
King Edgare then did full right, and sent after Baron and Knight:
And said, by my Rewards read, many of my men are dead:
I am now an olde man, and Beuis much of warre can.
He came hither from farre, with great power on me to warre:
Two sonnes he hath brought, how to agree I take great thought:
Miles shall wed my daughter free, and so our strife all wagde shall be,
He shall be Earle of Cornewale, that was sir Brians without faile.
All they counsailed him so: a messenger the King sent tho,
To Beuis of South-hampton, and bad him come to London,
I will it be ordained so, to make a league betweene vs two:

166 Miles

Miles ſhall wed my daughter free, and Earle of Cornwale ſhall he be.
Beuis is to London come, the wedding was preſently begun:
The Lady to the Church was led, and to ſir Miles ſhe was wed,
The King gaue him in ſpouſaile, the Earledome of Cornewale.
There was mirth at their ſpouſing, turnament and great iuſting.
At the ſpouſaile in that manner, the King and Beuis ſate full neare.
Now would Beuis home wend, he toke his leaue of the King his friend,
And the Lords there that whiles, and alſo of his ſonne ſir Miles:
He betoke his ſonne to ſir Sabere, that he ſhould him teach and leare.
Beuis is gone, and ſir Guy, Ioſian and eke ſir Terry.
Unto Hamptant he did fare, and ſeuen peare he liued there:
Then wared Ioſian ſicke and lay, and Beuis alſo to you I ſay,
Biſhops and Fryars came bliue, Beuis and Ioſian for to ſhriue.
When Beuis and Ioſian the good, were humbled vnto God in mood,
Each turned to other without boaſt, and both they yalded vp the ghoſt.
Much ſorrow made ſir Guy, but it was no bote truely,
For we muſt all be dead liuis, when that Chriſtis will is.
Sir Guy to the ſtable then went he, Arundell his horſe for to ſe,
When he came there, he found no read, for Arundell was alſo dead:
Sir Guy thought marualle, the ſoth to ſay, that all they dyed vpon a day:
Sir Guy did ordaine and make, for Beuis and Ioſians ſake,
A place of religion and price, to ſing for Ioſian and Beuis,
And tombed them together there, King and Quéene as they were:
Jeſu Chriſt in Trinitie, on their ſoules haue mercie.
Thus endeth Beuis of Hampton, knight and King of great renowne:
And they that heare this talking, Jeſu grant them good ending,
And bring vs all to heauenly bliſſe, that euer ſhall laſt and neuer miſſe,
Unto bliſſe bring vs he, that for vs dyed vpon a tre.

FINIS.